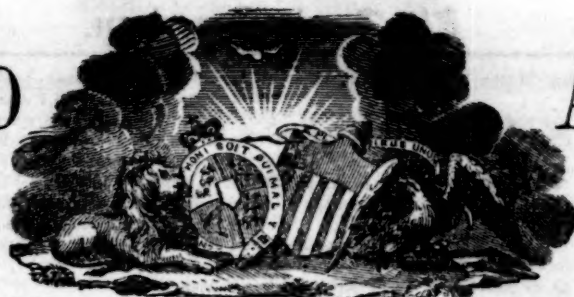


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PRAYER DURING BATTLE.*

FROM THE GERMAN BY HEINRICH FICK

Father, I call on Thee!

Shrouded by clouds from the cannons' fell roaring,
Flashes of bellowing death round me pouring,
Guided of battles, I call on Thee
Father, oh, lead Thou me!

Father, oh, lead Thou me!
Lead me to victory, lead me to death;
Lord, to Thy bidding I yield up my breath;
Lord, as Thou wilt, so lead Thou me.
God, I acknowledge Thee!

God, I acknowledge Thee!
As in autumn's blasts o'er life-sear'd shore,
As in thunderstorm of battle's roar,
Source of mercy, acknowledge I Thee!
Father, oh, bless Thou me!

Father, oh, bless Thou me!
Into Thy hand now my life I commend;
Thou mayst well take it, for Thou didst it lend;
For life, or for death, oh, bless Thou me!
Father, I praise now Thee!

Father, I praise now Thee!
Goods of this earth are not prize of this strife;
Our swords defend goods the most sacred in life.
Then falling, and conqu'ring praise I Thee,
To Thee, God, submit I me!

To Thee, God, submit I me!
When by the Thunders of death I'm laid low,
When all my life-veins now op'n'd flow:
To Thee, my God, submit I me!
Father, I call on Thee!

* The original German poem is by Theodor Körner.

REMINISCENCES OF A FRENCH PRISON.

BY FLEXIBLE GRUMMET.—[Concluded]

My last paper left me standing in the middle of an attic, with no clothing on but my shirt and drawers, and the *gendarme*, with flashing eyes and drawn sabre close in front of me, preparing to strike, when the young French girl rushed fearlessly in between us, and she would most certainly have received the blow had not his uplifted arm been instantly stayed. But this interference, though it prevented immediate injury, served to increase his rage; he dropt the point of his weapon to the floor, but he struck her heavily with his left hand, and the next instant he was sprawling on his back through a well planted hit which I gave him on his breast, his sabre flew out of his hand, and I possessed myself of it, and swore vehemently to put an end to his existence without the delay of a moment if he dared to move. The threat took effect, and he remained almost motionless for several minutes, but as I put on my dress, the parts of which were brought to me by Marie, it was rather ludicrous to see his attempts to rise, which I unhesitatingly repulsed, as I drew on each garment so that it was a continued dodge and point, and the contortions of the fellow's face were droll in the extreme.

Poor Marie, with a most poetical bleeding at the nose from the slap of her lover (and which had stained my shirt and trousers), was true to the unsettled characteristic of her nation, for she alternately cried and laughed, and frequently a burst of the ridiculous was shown whilst the tears chased each other down her cheeks. After getting fully equipped, my first thoughts were as to what I should do with the man, and next as to what I should do with myself. I felt conscious that if I killed him and was apprehended I should be tried, or perhaps executed without trial, for murder, and if I again surrendered, the Serjeant himself, during the journey before us, would most undoubtedly wreak his vengeance upon me and embrace the earliest opportunity of taking my life. Escape was my only plan, but how was this to be accomplished whilst the Serjeant was at liberty to raise the hue and cry, so that I might be secured before I had got a league away and sent in irons to the depot? Another thing struck me there was something like cowardice in leaving Marie to the malice of her persecutor, who would most probably do all in his power to ruin her parents, who, however, be it observed, had never made their appearance, notwithstanding all the noise and confusion which had been made and which they must have heard.

Fortunately for me I had fully fathomed the real character of my guard, for, whatever his pretensions may have been, he most assuredly was at heart a rank coward, and this was the ground-work of his assumed generosity in allowing me to be at large on my parole. Yet, with this assurance on my mind, I was greatly at a loss how to proceed or what to do; he was entirely at my mercy, but it would not have been permitted me to kill him, nor could I have executed it unless in direct preservation of my own existence. I recollected that he had been armed with heavy horse-pistols, and I requested Marie to go to his chamber and fetch them to me. He heard the request, and wanted to enter into a compromise, but I felt that he was not to be trusted, and the suspicion flashed upon me that he was only resorting to subterfuge in order to gain possession of the fire-arms himself. At the first Marie hesitated to comply with my wish, she feared that her father would detain her below and I should be left to the caprice of chance. Her odious lover pleaded hard for her to remain, at the same time using threats with his entreaties, and she whisperingly assured me

that he had full power to carry his threatenings into effect. My situation was certainly not a very enviable one. I could not bind him, as he required my utmost vigilance to keep him down, but to remain all that night in so hazardous a position was impossible, for I could not have got away after daylight. As for my parole I considered that his attack upon me had totally cancelled the obligation to preserve it. To obtain the pistols seemed now to be absolutely necessary before taking any other step. Marie, urged by my solicitations, moved towards the door.

"Arrêtez vous, ma chère fille," said he, "and do not bring down ruin on the heads of your parents. Eh bien, Monsieur, suffer me to rise and the whole affair shall remain a secret from this moment."

"I will not trust you," returned I firmly; "you will embrace the first opportunity to retaliate all this, and I believe your aptitude to mischief would induce you to perpetrate it."

"Have you found me ungenerous?" demanded he. "Did I not take your parole—have you not enjoyed freedom? I might have left you locked up in the building with the rest, but instead of that you have enjoyed a comfortable resting-place, and you have repaid my kindness with ingratitude."

There was some show of truth in this, and for a minute or two it made rather an impression on my feelings, which he perceiving continued: "Oh Marie, Marie, was it right to practise deception upon me, you who knew how much I loved you, you to whom I was affianced?"

The girl looked at him with the full meaning of contempt, her whole soul seemed to be giving the lie to his assertions, but she spoke not a word.

"If you suppose any thing to her injury," said I, "you are most egregiously mistaken, from me she has received nothing more than kind respect."

"Bah," responded he with vehemence, "kind respect indeed! Was she not in your arms? Were you not embracing her? Pray why was she here at all?"

These were questions I did not choose to answer, nor did she, and again I directed her to fetch the pistols. "It is for the security of myself that I want them. N'importe—leave the room, Marie, I will lock him in and get them myself." I pointed the sword for a deadly thrust. "Attendez," I uttered fiercely, "I go to fetch the weapons, and I solemnly swear that if you move or make a noise I will instantly return and put you to death. Remember!"

Marie went out, I turned to follow when the man made a sudden spring to catch me in his grasp; he was impelled by desperation, but he was the weakest of the two, and though I could not elude him, still I was enabled to bring him in my front, and, having been taught to wrestle, he was very soon upon his knees, but his clutch I could not shake off, his fingers were like claws that gript almost into the flesh, and he fixed his teeth in the upper part of my thigh with the bite of a ferocious bull-dog. The sword had fallen from me; Marie took it up, and more than once essayed to stab him, but she wanted both strength and nerve, and the thoughts of the consequences of such a deed restrained her. The agony I suffered was most excruciating; as well as I could I struck him about the head, but he would not quit his hold. I tried to throw him at full length, but the pain was so great, and I must have torn away my own flesh to have succeeded, that I desisted. I spoke to him, hoping that he would open his mouth to answer, but he determinedly refrained, and I was near fainting with the acuteness of his savage bite, when suddenly there was a flash and report in the outer passage, and the Serjeant gave a convulsive leap that completely overturned me, and my heart experienced the horrors of a bitter dread that it was now all over with me. His body fell heavily upon mine, I caught him by the throat, his limbs quivered for an instant, then all was still, it was the last pang of death, the man was a corpse, and we were in utter darkness through the concussion of the fire-arms having extinguished the light. I released myself from the incumbrance and rose up almost exhausted. An audible whisper pronounced "Silence," and all was quiet as the grave. At last Marie crept towards me, and clung to my arm as she softly uttered "Henri—Henri—est-il?"

"Yes, yes," answered I, "my opponent is dead."

The poor girl shuddered and sobbed convulsively, when again the word "Silence" was repeated, and the utmost stillness prevailed for several minutes. "We are thus far safe," uttered the same voice in a subdued tone; "all is quiet, no alarm has been given, and I—aye," I could hear the grinding of the teeth, "I am revenged."

"He may be only wounded," said I, though I was convinced to the contrary.

"Had we not better have a light?"

"There is no occasion for it," responded the other roughly, "Pierre Dupont never misses his mark. But what have I done that you should bring this evil on my house? Mon Dieu! mon Dieu! but he was my cruel foe and I have slain him: hear me, Sir, the blame must rest upon you. Fly if you can, for nothing but wings can carry you clear away. I shall not prevent your quitting the house, for the mark of your footsteps may easily be traced in the snow though it is now falling, and if you remain the officers of justice will speedily have you in their clutches; what the end will be I have yet to learn."

"It was not I that killed the man," exclaimed I with warmth, "though I should most likely have done so had I possessed a similar instrument."

"It is useless to discuss the matter," he replied with irony, "the word of a French citizen will go beyond that of an English prisoner, and I shall glory in getting rid of two foes at once."

"You cannot mean to do me any harm," said I warmly, "I am sure you cannot."

"You are right," returned the man, "I have no wish to do you harm, but I must save my home and my family. You have thrust yourself amongst us; I did not send for you. Jump from the lower window to the ground and away if you please."

"Dear father, do not be thus angry," implored Marie, "the pauvre prisoner has done nothing."

"Be at peace, Marie," replied he; "what can you know about such things? it is your safety that I am anxious about. Come, Sir, make up your mind. Allons—jump or be captured."

"Let me have a light for a few minutes," requested I, "so that I may put on the dead man's uniform, if it is not too much stained it will serve me for a favourable disguise; at all events I will try it."

"You can have no light here," returned the landlord, "whatever you do must be done in the dark, and quickly too or the cry shall be raised."

I saw the drift of Dupont's intention. Why he had killed the *gendarme* I had no actual clue to, except from the few words spoken by Marie. But I concluded he had endured gross wrongs from him, and had now put an end to his life at a moment when he could attach the offence to me. I saw there was not an instant to be lost—it was of no use wavering; there was scarcely any chance of my getting away, but yet I resolved to try it, and it yet wanted five or six hours to thorough daylight. My intention was to jump out of the window into the yard, saddle the horse of the Serjeant, and scour off as hard as it would carry me. True, I was unacquainted with any of the roads, but removal from the locality seemed to promise me a better chance of escape. Next, it came stealing over me, that trying to desert would, if I was re-apprehended, appear in strong evidence to my disadvantage, and the landlord might readily turn it to his own account. Every moment's delay was teeming with hazard, and if the news reached Dunkirk before my arrival I was certain of being taken, and I much doubted that if Blackman afforded me concealment he would give me up the instant the report of my being a murderer reached him. These things alternately rushed through my mind with the rapidity of thought, and whilst I was exchanging my dress for the uniform of the Serjeant, which having completed to my best ability I descended the stairs, and requested to be supplied with some brandy, and the pistols of the fallen man. The liquor was given to me,—the weapons were refused; but, on my being ready to start, the landlord, with a blunderbuss as big as a swivel under his arm, presented them. It was an eventful moment for me. I tried them both with the ramrod, and found that they were loaded, but I was doubtful as to the nature of the charge. In short, in whichever way I turned destruction seemed to be before me.

"I know not what to do, Marie," said I, as the weeping girl stood by my side. "I am truly beset by difficulties, and have no one to counsel me. Surely, surely your father cannot mean to surrender me as a murderer?"

Awed by the presence of her parent she said not a word in reply, when unexpectedly another individual came upon the scene of action; and this was the man who had charge of the wagon, and had driven the horse since my departure from Dunkirk.

"Pierre Dupont," said he with firm solemnity, "I have witnessed the whole of this." The landlord raised his blunderbuss, and I cocked one of my pistols, at which Dupont scornfully laughed, and convinced me of his treachery. "You may present," continued the man, "but I have taken the same precaution with your arms that you have already done with those you have given to the English prisoner,—the charge is drawn,—and," showing a brace of pocket-pistols which he grasped in either hand, "I am now more than a match for you. I find no fault with your having slain that rascal!"

"I slay him!" exclaimed the landlord in alarm, and then assuming a bullying tone, "I did not kill him. The probability is that you yourself fired the shot!"

"Stop, stop, Dupont," uttered the other loudly, and in a commanding manner. "Stop, I say, and do not add the character of liar to that of coward. Jean Baptiste always faced an enemy, and never screened himself in darkness to effect his purpose, whether for good or evil. No, no, Pierre Dupont, you ought to have known me better. This young officer is a friend of my employer. To save yourself you would villainously sacrifice him. Our countries are at war, it is true, but that is no reason we should turn wilful murderers, Pierre! However I lose time; let the wagon be got ready, and perhaps I can save you both."

"In what way?" demanded the landlord dejectedly. "I must know your plans before I stir one peg."

"Madame mère, and ma petite Marie," appealed the man, removing his hat and bowing, "you perceive that he is perverse and obstinate,—it is useless reasoning with him. I will not resign the prisoner to his tender mercies; nor will I now reveal my intentions." He turned to the landlord, "Once more, Dupont, will you put the horse to the vehicle?"

"You will inform against me," exclaimed the landlord with bitterness; "I cannot do it."

"Then," again bowing to the women, "I must request permission of these to place you under restraint, whilst I perform it for myself. Come, Dupont, we know each other too well to have any trifling. Young gentleman," to me "take the old rags out of your pistols. Here is a screw, and here are ball-cartridges to reload."

I promptly obeyed, and so did Dupont. The pistols were quickly reloaded, and as quickly the horse was put in the shafts of the wagon.

"Bring the body down," said my friend, "and remember every moment is precious; not one should be thrown away. Pierre, you must go with us. The animal has carried heavier burthens; but that I need not tell to one so well acquainted with the fact."

The corpse was lifted with caution down the stairs, a coarse cloth being wrapped round it to prevent any falling blood from leaving traces. In the lowest room it was rolled in a thick tarpauling, and a plank being laid from the door-way to the wagon, it was slid into the vehicle by Baptiste, who was extremely cautious that only the impression of his own footsteps should be visible in the snow. Pierre Dupont, though much averse to it, was compelled to pass along the plank, and to lie by the side of the man he had killed. Jean Baptiste and myself covered them over with clean straw and having bade adieu to Madame mère, and pressed Marie closely to my heart, I took my seat. The driver removed his hat, and saluted the females in the most polite and courteous manner; he then ascended to his station, the gates were thrown open by Marie, and away we dashed outwards through the snow, which prevented any sound of the wheels being heard. We were soon on the open road, and though our progress was both arduous and difficult still we pushed on at a very fair pace, trusting to reach Dunkirk by the time of the opening of the gates for the market-people.

The night was not very dark, the snow was falling thick, and its white flakes threw a misty glare upon the atmosphere that served to light us on our way. It was intensely cold, for the frost was severe, and hardened the road. The animal's instinct informed him that we were proceeding for his home, and no obstacles impeded him. Dupont complained of the intenseness of the cold, but occasionally small quantities of brandy supplied an artificial warmth. We saw

not a soul upon our journey, held but little conversation amongst ourselves, and when near our destination I was also requested to lie down in the bottom of the conveyance, so as not to be seen.

I need not describe the agitation under which I laboured, nor the regret I felt at leaving my brave fellows in duress,—but there was no alternative. Dupont had sunk into slumber which I feared would be his last; he breathed heavily, sometimes convulsively, and was fast sinking into insensibility. I tried, by lying close to him, to warm his body, but dread had nearly overpowered him, and when he did speak it was with wildness and incoherency.

"He will die, Jean," said I, "his senses are going; and for Marie's sake I would wish him to live."

"Pierre is only frightened, Sir," responded the driver contemptuously, "and if he can be kept quiet till we reach the spot I shall convey him to, it will be so much the better for all of us. I hope those foolish women at the auberge will try and eradicate every vestige of the affray. We must use caution, Monsieur,—every caution."

It was broad daylight when we entered Dunkirk, but scarcely a soul was stirring,—the sentries had crept into their boxes as we passed them,—the townspeople kept to their houses and their fires that is all those who were out of their beds, and we drove on apparently unobserved. At last the wagon stopped at the entrance of a court-yard that belonged to several large warehouse-like buildings. Jean Baptiste alighted without delay, and knocked loudly, but we had to wait for some time before the gates were opened by a lazy Flemish girl, who welcomed his return and instantly withdrew. The carriage was soon within the walls, and no living creature was visible. Jean led the pleased but wearied horse into a capacious outbuilding, where, removing him from the shaft, he closed and locked the doors, and we were left alone,—the living, the dying, and the dead in horrible proximity. But he sang as he went, with merriment to which my heart could not respond.

A full hour (though it seemed a day to me) passed away. The landlord manifested no signs of existence; but, feeling his pulse, I ascertained that it still throbbed in fits and starts,—and I sometimes thought I could hear a heavy breathing, or rather groaning, from the corpse. A drowsiness was creeping over my own frame, which I vainly endeavoured to prevent, and I was rapidly sinking into sleep, when I heard a voice whispering into my ear,—

"Eh bien, mon ami,—a pretty affair you have made of it. But come, come, I promised to befriend you, and I will not go back from my word, though I certainly did not think you would so soon have required its fulfilment. Jean Baptiste has told me all."

I remembered the voice was that of Blackman; but I could not answer,—the torpor which had seized upon my faculties was increasing. I was not even able to move; but I was not long permitted to remain in that state. I was lifted from the wagon, but have no recollection of what took place subsequently, till awakened from a horrible dream, I found myself in a comfortable bed in a deep underground vault, partly filled with barrels and bales, and dimly lighted by a lamp that hung suspended in the centre. Not a soul was to be seen, and at first all recollections of the past had faded. I wondered where I was, and how I came there; but as reason resumed her empire the events that had occurred came stealing across my memory in shadowy visions. I felt assured I was not the inmate of a prison-cell, but conjecture was set at defiance as to the reality; for the last occurrences I was utterly ignorant of, and feeling again inclined to doze, I resigned myself to its influence, and again composed myself to rest.

And a sweet and refreshing repose it was, though as to its duration I can say nothing; but when I was aroused I found the privateer's man by my side. He soothingly inquired how I felt.

"I have suffered much for you," he said with strong feeling, "but I hope the worst is past, and a few days will restore you to health and strength."

"You are kind and generous," answered I, "but where—what have you done with—"

"Dupont is safe," answered he. "The place has been searched, and no discovery made. Jean Baptiste has not betrayed us; and you owe much to his ingenuity and faithfulness—"

"I thank God!—then Marie will not lose her father," exclaimed I with energy.

"Not if he is wise," returned Blackman, "but his treachery deserves punishment, if it was politic to inflict it. He must be taught better for the future."

"And the Serjeant," I continued in my inquiries, "what has become of the—"

"The body has been disposed of where it will be difficult to find it," answered my friend,—for such he really was, notwithstanding all his levity.

"Compose yourself, gain strength, and I have no doubt something will turn up to enable me to restore you to your native land. I have not forgotten the assistance I received at Walmer when a prisoner like yourself; and though I may be called a traitor,—that is, if they find me out, mon ami,—yet, having commenced my task, rest assured I will do my best to carry it through. Do you think I have forgotten the counsel of the immortal poet,—

"Be great in act, as you have been in thought;
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threatener, and outface the brow
Of bragging horror. So shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviors from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution."

This was uttered in his usual theatrical manner, and, distressed as I was, I could not forbear smiling at his indulgence of the ruling passion.

"I know and feel I am greatly indebted to your firmness and fortitude," said I, "and I wish I could testify my gratitude in actions, and not by words."

"The time may arrive when perhaps I shall require it," answered he, "but at present you have nothing more to do than to get well as soon as you can. I am unable to remain longer with you now, but will return at every opportunity." He pressed my hand and disappeared, though I was unable to tell where he went to; for no doors were opened, and not the slightest noise was made,—even his footsteps were unheard by me.

In a short time the man who had attended me at Blackman's house, brought me refreshments; my hunger was excessive, and my thirst still greater, but I both ate and drank sparingly, as I felt there was fever in my blood that required subduing. And it was well I did so, for, as it was, three weeks did I lie in all the burning fury of epidemic, that wasted my strength, and reduced me to childish weakness. Nor was I indebted to medical aid for my recovery; the privateer's man administered the few simple draughts I took.

Had I died, my body would have been concealed; but happily nature revived herself, and I recovered, though worn down to a mere skeleton, and with no more power than a tottering infant without its nurse. During my progress to convalescence, I learned that I was many feet under ground, the place being a deep subterranean cavern that had been excavated in the time of the Revolution to stow away property, to prevent its being confiscated or seized by the democratic agents. It was afterwards supposed to have been filled in, as a great quantity of rubbish had been thrown down for that purpose; but when purchased by Blackeman, he made other passages, and secretly cleared out the excavation; so that it served him as a private warehouse, in which to store much of his prize goods that the edicts ordained should be destroyed. It was known only to himself, his brother, and one or two of his confederates. A certain portion was beneath one end of his house, and this enabled him to have a fire-place below, and a chimney to carry off the smoke, in order to keep the goods well aired and dry; so that throughout the period of my confinement a warmth was constantly kept up, which was grateful in that terrible winter wherein many perished with the cold.

At length it was deemed advisable that, to restore me to health, I should be removed to a purer atmosphere, and the little room I had previously occupied was prepared to receive me. But I did not remain long there; Blackeman feared detection, and circumstances had come to his knowledge which made him apprehensive of a domiciliary visit; and as one of his vessels was going to sea, he proposed that I should accompany him on the cruise. When the question was first put to me, I called to remembrance the earnest desire he had formerly manifested, and the inducements he had held out to make me a traitor, and therefore I hesitated; but a few minutes of reflection banished suspicion—his behavior had been so frank and generous, that I no longer doubted. Besides, had I been left behind, it must have been in the secret cavern, with every hazard against me; so I gave my consent, and that very night was conveyed on board a fine lugger in the harbour, and the next morning at the rise of the tide, her sails were hoisted, her moorings let go, and off we went with a free sheet to run along the land in the daylight; but as soon as darkness began to descend, we stood over towards the English coast, and when about mid-channel, we fell in with a large smuggling boat, bound for Deal; our lugs were down, and she was close to us before the Deal men discovered their proximity. On hailing the boat, they took no notice, but kept on; Blackeman ordered the sails to be run up, and as we had the heels of the chase, we were soon alongside. The hardy fellows, however, refused to lower their canvass, and it was not till assured that we were a French Privateer, that they dowsed all, and one of them came on board.

Here, then, was an opportunity for me to reach my native land, and I mentioned it to Blackeman, who would have dissuaded me from embarking in the boat; but my anxiety was so great to be restored to my home, that I cared nothing for the nature or character of the conveyance. The owner of the boat, too, old Daniel F—, did not seem to like the idea of receiving me; but he was well known to the Captain of the privateer, and at last, both, urged by my intreaties, gave their consent, and, with as much privacy as possible, I got over the side, Blackeman presenting me with a thick farnought coat, and pressing several guineas into my hand, we shoved off and we parted. The boatmen complained bitterly of the delay their detention had caused, and in the heat of anger several threatened to heave me overboard; but the sails being set, and every one quietly seated on his thwart, contention ceased, and the eyes of all were eagerly sweeping the horizon.

Whilst cowering beneath my covering, and yet shivering with the cold, I could not forbear contemplating the strange vicissitudes I had undergone, and now was returning to my own home shore in an illegal craft. It was only two months before that I was stout and vigorous, but now weak, and worn to a shadow that a stiff breeze might blow away. I was thus ruminating when a clean sea came dashing over the boat, so as nearly to fill her, and every soul instantly turned to bail. I was wet through to the skin my dress thoroughly soaked, and my great coat hung clinging around me like a half-wrung swab. I was much pleased, however, to observe the coolness and order which was preserved amongst the boatmen, who made very light of the matter; and, indeed, well they might, for at the back of the Goodwin Sands the sea rolled over us in grand style—like skinning of eels, they were used to it.

I well remember how my heart rejoiced when I saw the Foreland Lights; they reminded me of all that was dear and precious in life, and the chances there were of once more enjoying the fond endearing tenderness of a mother's watchful care. I was safe from the walls of a prison—I was secure from the treachery of national enemies—and as soon as I was well enough, I could return to the service of my country, though I resolved, if it was possible, never to set foot in a 10-gun brig again.

The night was dark and misty, but the southern lights were distinctly visible above the haze that hovered on the surface of the troubled waters. At the south sand head the sails were lowered, and, with the masts carefully stowed away, the oars were got out, and the men laid on them till their patience began to grow weary.

"If it hadn't been for that d—d lugger," said one of the crew, "we might have been now all snug—worked the crop, and off again; but the lads have waited till the expectation of our coming has died away, and they are gone."

"Not they," said old Daniel, "they know that nothing but the Philistines would keep me from beaching this night. Show a flash and keep a sharp look out for its being answered."

The priming of a pistol was flashed off, and every eye was eagerly straining its sight upon the dark cliffs; but no light appeared in reply.

"That Jonas there has sold us, and why not do with him as they did with the fellow of old?" exclaimed another of the crew. "I never likes to have a stranger among us, and he'll never be missed."

I was aware the allusion was intended for me, but I thought it most advisable to remain quiet, though I certainly felt much irritated.

"We shall get no good by that," responded old Daniel, "though I must say its very provoking. Howsomever, try it again, and if they don't answer, we must bear a hand across the pond."

A second flash was made, and almost instantly the sombre cliffs sent forth a stream of light, though it was only momentary.

"I told you so," exclaimed Daniel, "now stretch out like brave lads; we have no time to lose—the company will be all ready. Hurrah, boys, bend to your oars!"

Another bidding was not necessary—the men immediately obeyed, and the boat danced over the waves, scattering the spray on either side of her bows, and tracking her wake with brilliant foam. Onward she went, and I confess I felt the excitement of the moment as we approached the frowning shore.

"All right now," said the veteran Daniel*, one of the oldest smugglers on the coast, "but, halloo, what's that? Silence, lads, and stretch out—we'll brave the worst."

A musket-ball had whistled past close to Dan's head, and the flash of fire-arms was seen broad away on the boat's quarter. This was followed by a volley; but it did no harm—the men bent stupidly to their purpose.

"Hurra, boys, never heed 'em," exclaimed the steersman, "they can't pull and fire too, and what they expend in powder we shall gain in distance; and they'll be brave fellows to follow us on shore."

Another volley was discharged with the same want of effect, except that the men kept steady time in the measured stroke of their oars, and it was evident by the flashes their opponent was dropping astern. Old Daniel laughed, but not a word was uttered; and after a short interval the boat was close to the surf that broke upon the beach. Without waiting for the usual mode of laying a boat upon the land, they dashed at once right through the breakers that washed her well up, and without an instant's delay she was grappled hold of by nearly a hundred men at the sides and painter, and run up high and dry; the tubs, already slung, were lifted or thrown out, and carried off; she was nearly cleared of her cargo when the pursuing people landed, ran up; and one of them sprang into the smuggler, to be knocked back again on to the shingle with no very gentle blow. The assailants fired, and their discharge was answered by straggling shot; a hand-to-hand encounter ensued, the revenue party were defeated by overpowering numbers, and hurried back to their boat, leaving three behind dangerously wounded, and several of the smugglers laid stretched upon the beach. The smuggling boat was literally carried up to a building above high-water mark, and in a short space of time the coast was clear—not an individual was to be seen, except the injured revenue men; for the smugglers carried off those of their own people who had fallen.

I had quitted the craft at the earliest opportunity, and took no part in the affray; but I considered that it would not be wise to remain, and therefore ran with the rest. The place we had landed at was St. Margaret's Bay, and hurriedly we ascended the steep acclivity, on the summit of which were a number of horses and four or five country wagons; the goods were soon disposed of, and the mounted party, well armed, galloped off across the country, and it seemed most probable that I should be left alone. But old Daniel came to my side.

"Thou must be blind to this," said he, "we have served you, and you must keep a still tongue in return. But whither art thou going?"

I assured him that at that period of the night I had no place to shelter me, and I was so exhausted, that it would be impossible for me to travel far.

"Nor shall you, my boy," replied he, with warmth, "they wanted to throw you overboard; but never mind—you are thus far safe, and now bear a hand along wi' me—I'll clap you under cover, all honour bright, if you'll trust to me."

I had no alternative but to do so, and taking the smuggler's arm (which he did not seem to admire much), we hastened along the road to a small cottage in the village, where a one-horse gig was in waiting; and taking our seats, we journeyed rapidly towards Deal, and having reached the town, we found a man ready to receive us, who, on our alighting, took the gig and drove off.

"You see we do these things quite methodically," said Daniel, as we walked onward. "Howsomever, I hope there's nobody killed; as for a broken head or a limb, they are easily mended, but we are not able to restore life. There—there, my lad, I see your'e tired; but never mind, leave a-head, and you shall have a snug gul's nest to sleep in, and something to grub before you turn in. I dare say you think all this is very wicked work; but you should remember there was no smugglers till they built custom-houses."

Talking in this way, we came to a comfortable-looking house in Beach Street, and on giving three taps at the door, it was promptly opened by a young female, and, without speaking, we entered. I was nearly fainting, but a cordial revived me; and after a slight supper, I was shown into a pretty little room, that seemed to invite me to repose. But weariness and pain had overcome me; I tossed about restlessly upon my bed, and when I did doze, terrible dreams once more awoke me, till nature claimed her right, and as daylight broke I sank into a deep and refreshing sleep.

THE COCK AND THE FOX.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PETER PRIGGINS," &c.

On the coast of Sussex, on one of the numerous patches of land that have been claimed, or reclaimed, from the ocean, dwelt an honest John Bull of a man, called Simeon Brownstock. He was the cock of the island on which he dwelt, for he rented the whole of it from the lord of the manor, who had added it to his adjoining estate, by throwing up a huge sea-wall around it. I call it an island, although more strictly speaking, it ought to have been denominated a peninsula, seeing that it was approachable from the main land at low water, by a narrow neck which saved the expense of building a bridge, and was preserved by strong piles and shingles from the destructive effect of the tides.

When Simeon Brownstock, then a mere lad, took the farm upon what I shall call, New Britain, he was looked upon as a bold man by some, and as a great fool by others. He was to cultivate it for twenty-one years rent-free, and had permission to underlet any part of it he chose under certain restrictions. It seems, at the first view, surprising that any landlord should let his land rent-free for so many years, but upon further investigation, the more surprising does it appear that any body could be found rash enough to undertake to cultivate and make a profit of a mere mass of muddy salterns and acres of sandy shingle, even in twenty-one years.

Simeon Brownstock thought he knew what he was doing, and it proved that he did. He had a tolerable sum of money by him, which had been left him by his father, and he married a young woman, who brought him no inconsiderable addition to it. When he took possession of Sandy Nook, as the house was called, which his landlord had built for him on the island of New Britain, he employed himself in assisting his wife to set the furniture and other effects which they had brought with them in due order. When this was done, he marked out a patch for a garden; then he sowed it, and planted it with such vegetables as he fancied would grow in a spot so exposed to the sea-gales, and then—sat down and smoked his pipe as coolly as if he had nothing else to do.

"Simeon, man, what hast done wi' all the live-stock?" asked his wife. "I thought they would have been here 'ere this!"

*This man afterwards commanded a lugger, of 180 tons, out of Flushing; but having made several successful voyages, she was captured in the neighbourhood of Flamborough Head, sold to a party at Dover, and, rigged as a schooner, was hired into the Service as a dispatch vessel to the Channel Fleet, under Admiral Lord Keith.

"Sold 'em all," said Simeon, between two voluminous whiffs.

"Sold 'em!" shrieked the good woman, "sold 'em! What are we to do then for milk, and pork, and bacon, and eggs, and—"

"Import 'em all!"

"And where from? I should like to know that. From the main land?"

"Yes, marm—from France—get 'em cheap and good there," said Simeon.

"France! what all that way off! Thousands of miles! It ain't possible you could be such a fool as to dream of such a thing," said Mrs. Brownstock.

"Listen to me, marm. It has allays been a sentiment of mine, that the man as goes for to deceive his lawyer, his doctor, or his wife, is an ass," said Simeon, as he charged his pipe.

"There can be no question on that subject," said his wife, sipping a little out of the tumbler, which Simeon had thrust over for the very purpose of sharing his grog with his half.

"Well then, I'll let you into a secret; a man might break his heart, and all his ploughs and harrows, and waggons and carts, and other implements, before he could get the soil of New Britain to return him one penny per cent. under ten years at least; and as for keeping live stock upon it, under the same number of years, without importing their food—it ain't to be done. Now, you see, Sandy Nook lies very convenient for fishing, so I mean to have half-a-dozen fishing vessels, well found and ably manned, and so you see—don't you?"

"I begin to think I do," said Mrs. Brownstock. "Sprats is capital manure."

"Capital! especially when they are caught off the coast of France—they seem to enjoy an English soil," said Simeon.

"No difficulty in landing them here, either," said his wife.

"Not the least in the world. Capital shore—snug inlets—no revenue men about, and lots of means of conveying the sprats inland, if any body should happen to want any."

"Well, Simeon, you are not so great a fool as I took you for," said his wife, smiling benignantly on her smoking spouse.

"Thank ye for the compliment, but you are not the only person who has ranked Simeon Brownstock among the fools of the earth: but time will show—we shall see."

For some ten years, the island of New Britain was not spoken of, even by its nearest neighbours. It was rarely visited, except by a medical man, who made his appearance there once a year, and rarely oftener, and then only to assist at a ceremony, which added an individual to the census of that part of the Queen's dominions. Even the lord of the soil and his steward, had not visited their tenant, but were satisfied with his assurances that he was doing very well, and getting the land, by degrees, into a productive state—thanks to the sprats and the sea-weeds, which were obtainable without much trouble or expense.

At the end of the ten years, the lord of the soil was applied to, through his steward, to build additional houses and farm-buildings on the island, in order to afford residences for the labourers, who increased in numbers as the land grew more productive, and to supply garnerers for stowing away the crops.

This proposal seemed reasonable enough to the landlord, and so he told his steward. Tom Quickly, however, was a cunning fox, and did not assent immediately to his master's wish to oblige his tenant.

"You hesitate, Mr. Quickly," said the landlord. "Surely Simeon Brownstock has done much, in so short a time, to redeem a barren spot, and ought not to be refused when he applies for means of adding to its fertility, and consequent value in the market."

"I should like to visit the island, before any further arrangements are made about these additional buildings," said Tom Quickly.

"Well, we will write to Simeon, and fix a day for paying him a visit, and surveying his improvements," said the master.

The "we" did not quite please the servant, so he suggested that the travelling to the island of New Britain, would be troublesome and inconvenient to any one not used to do business in such out-of-the-way spots, and offered to go by himself and report the result of his visit to his employer.

To this a ready assent was given.

"It strikes me very forcibly," said Tom Quickly to himself, as he rode from his home towards the island of New Britain, "that Simeon Brownstock has more iron than one in the fire. Such a barren spot as that was must have more than eaten up the capital he took there, in getting it to bear any thing, and yet, from what I hear, Simeon is not a poorer man than he was, and has had many applications from active, industrious men, to underlet them some hundreds of acres on the island. But, I will see with my own eyes, how he contrives it. He does not know of my coming, so I shall take him unawares, and if I find any thing wrong, and he refuses to stand something handsome, I am the man to spoil his sport, that's all."

So saying, Tom Quickly spurred his nag over the heavy roads which led to the neck of land, by which at low water, New Britain was approached; chuckling, internally, at the notion of making himself master of Simeon Brownstock's method of living, and getting rich upon nothing, and bringing up a family into the bargain. It is possible that Tom Quickly might have received a hint about the fishing-boats, and the sprat trade, but the result of his visit will prove whether he had or not.

"Look out, governor, the signal's hoisted," said a little, ruddy, chubby fellow, about nine years of age to Simeon Brownstock, on the day of Tom Quickly's visit to the island.

"Run you little tiger, and see what's in the wind," shouted Mrs. Brownstock.

Away ran Simeon junior, and in less than ten minutes came back to say that a stranger on horseback was coming over the ridge-way (as the neck of land was called) into the island.

"Stand by to see all clear," shouted Simeon, laying down his pipe.

"Ay, ay, sir," replied some half dozen jolly-looking seamen. "All's stowed away safe enough, except a keg or two for our own private tippie."

"Up with the trap, and away with it below, then on with your round frocks and straw hats, and set about doing something like farming-men, as you ought to be," said Simeon.

"Ay, ay, sir," said the sailors, and after ten minutes of active bustling, things wore a very different appearance in the farm-house of Sandy Nook to what they had done ere the young one had given notice of the signal's being hoisted.

"Here he comes, whoever he is," said Simeon. "I'll be busy about my books, while you find out what the stranger's business is."

"Trust me for that," replied the wife, "I'll pump him if he has any water in his hold."

"Good morning, madam," said Tom Quickly. "Pray is Mr. Brownstock within?"

"And who may you be that asks the question?" inquired Mrs. Brownstock.

"My name is surely not necessary to be known before I get an answer to so simple a question," said Tom.

"I don't know that, we live at a lone house, and how do I know but you may be come about something as you should not come about."

"Hulloh, youngster! is your father within?" said Tom, calling to young Simeon, who was swinging carelessly on a gate hard by.

"Ask mo' her," replied the boy.

"Hulloh! you sir in the smock frock, where's your master?" asked Tom of a stout man, who appeared at the barn door.

"Ask missus," replied the man.

"Here, take my horse, that's a good fellow give him a feed of oats, and I'll give you a shilling for your trouble," said Tom.

"Can't without master's leave," said the man.

"Well, never mind the oats, just hold the horse while I go in doors," said Tom.

"Come in, if you dare," said Mrs. Brownstock, "without giving your name and telling your business. Here, Sam, let loose Towzer and Boatswain, and bid them mind this impudent stranger."

No sooner had Mrs. Brownstock spoken these words, than the man in the smock frock ran round the corner of the house, and returned with two enormous mastiffs, to whom he said, "Mind him!" as he pointed to the steward, who was in the act of lowering himself from the saddle.

"Mrs. Brownstock, madam, this is, I must say it, very extraordinary treatment towards your landlord's man of business," said Tom, turning very pale at the savage looks of Towzer and Boatswain.

"Who?—what?—you surely ain't the lawyer, or steward, or whatever you call yourself, Thomas Quickly?" asked Mrs. Brownstock.

"But I am though, and I think this is very extraordinary conduct," said Tom.

"Why didn't you write to tell us you were coming, sir? then we should have been ready to receive you."

"Exactly," said Tom to himself; "but that was not part of my plan."

"Here, Sam," continued the good wife, "tie up Towzer and Boatswain, and then take this good gentleman's horse and water and feed him well. Now, sir, walk in, you will find Simeon, poor man, busy over his books, seeing how few pounds he has left out of what he brought into this unfortunate island."

"A humph!" said Tom, as he landed from his roadster, and followed his now very attentive hostess into the house.

"Simeon, here be master's lawyer, steward, or overlooker, or something, come to see thee."

"Who?" asked Simeon, without removing his eyes from his books.

"Master Quickly he calls himself; walk in, sir, and speak to my husband."

Tom Quickly was not slow in accepting this invitation, and found Simeon, as his wife had foretold, gloomily scanning his ledger.

"Ah, Mr. Quickly. I had serious thoughts of coming to see you as you did not seem any ways inclined to pay me a visit," said Simeon, very lugubriously. "I thought of asking for a few pounds from our master just to put me a little in place again."

"A-humph!" said Tom, "Snug house you have here, at any rate—good furniture, and all that kind of thing—lots of people want to take farms under you too—sprats are capital manure for grounds recovered from the salt water."

Simeon looked at Tom and Tom at Simeon, who, after staring the steward down, calmly replied, "Very capital when you cannot get any thing else."

Tom coughed, and seemed rather confused as he asked whether *Mister* Brownstock had not made application to the lord of the soil for the erection of buildings and farm-houses in the island.

"Of course I have," said Simeon; "having got the land into tolerable condition by means of *sprats* and other manures, I am anxious to repay myself for some portion of my enormous outlay before I am ruined entirely."

"A-humph!" said Tom.

"What you mean by 'a-humph' I neither know nor care—but I am not going to be ruined and involve my family for any steward that ever lived," said Simeon, showing sulky.

"My good friend, you entirely mistake me. Instead of ruining you, I am here to stand your friend," said Tom, grasping the reluctantly extended hand of Simeon.

"Oh! oh! that's it, is it? Here, missus, bring out something to eat and drink—this gentleman's a *friend*," shouted the farmer.

Tom did not quite like the tone in which this was spoken, but he grinned as complacently as he could, while the farmeress and her maid spread a table for sixteen or eighteen.

"You don't mind sitting down with the children and farming men?" said Simeon.

"On the contrary," said Tom; "delighted to make their acquaintance."

"Hope you ain't over stomach-nice—we live plainly here," said Mrs. Brownstock, as she put an enormous dish of fried sprats on the table. "Now, Sim, call Sam and the rest of the labourers, and your brothers and sisters, and fall to before the fish gets cold."

In came some half dozen frightfully large men, with long curly hair and bushy whiskers, followed by half-a-dozen children, who appeared like the steps of a ladder—just one degree above the other.

"Now then, fall to," said Simeon; "help the lawyer some of you."

"Let him help himself, he's big enough," said Sam, and broke out into a laugh, in which his companions, including host, hostess, and children, joined him.

Tom was not to be beaten by so poor a joke as this, so he placed his spoon over the heap of sprats, pulled half a score into his plate, and commenced an attack upon them; but, just as he raised the first to his lips, he recollected how serviceable the fish had been as a manure, and a choky sensation came over him, which forced him to resign his knife and fork, and apply to a black-jack of beer—very small—which stood beside him.

"Come, man, thee doesn't eat," said Mrs. Brownstock.

"Thank you, marm," said Tom. "I'm not very fond of fish. I will wait for the joint."

"Joint! What, meat!?" screamed Simeon. "Where do you think we get it from? It won't grow in the island, and as to a butcher—catch one coming when he knows we can't afford to pay him."

"Well, never mind, Mr. Brownstock," said Tom, "I'll take a little butter or cheese."

"Butter and cheese! Cows won't live on sprats and seaweed—don't go

for to imagine it," said Mrs. Brownstock. "The notion of eating butter and cheese in New Britain!"

The notion seemed so absurd to the huge men in curly hair and whiskers, that they burst out into a laugh loud as an equinoctial gale.

Tom Quickly was alarmed, but to hide his fears, joined in the laugh that was going round.

"Bring in the other dish," said Simeon.

"All right," said Tom to himself, "I shall get something to eat."

Mrs. Brownstock made her reappearance with a second dish of—sprats. Tom tried again to make an attack upon them, but failed as before, and for the same reason.

"Now then, clear away, boys, and missus, do you bring master lawyer here a pipe, and the best to drink we have in the house," said Simeon.

The men and the children speedily cleared the table, and the mother brought a couple of pipes, a little coarse-looking tobacco in a saucer, and a huge jug of very small beer.

"Come, help yourself, sir, th' art welcome to it," said Simeon.

"I thank you, I never smoke," said Tom.

"Well, I does, so you'll excuse me," said Simeon, as he lighted up; "and now to business."

Tom rose from his seat, and closed the door of the room in which they were sitting. He returned to his chair, and looking Simeon hard in the face, said,

"I am not to be imposed upon, act upon the square with me, and I'll make it all right."

Simeon did not reply in words, but his looks implied, "What can you mean?"

Tom replied to the look.

"Hark ye, Simeon Brownstock, my ears and eyes are not so defective as to need a speaking-trumpet, or a pair of spectacles. I have seen and heard enough to convince me that the additional buildings for which you have applied are not required for agricultural purposes."

Simeon smoked quietly on without deigning to answer.

"You seemed to have done little or nothing to the land, and your crops look in a wretched condition."

"Shocking," said Simeon, "I am a ruined man unless I can underlet some part of the island, and that I can't do, unless I have houses and barns built for the tenants."

"A humph!" said Tom, looking very knowingly at the farmer, and winking. "Simeon Brownstock, I am not very well—I should like a little brandy or Hollands."

"I am very sorry to say, sir, we cannot afford any thing of the kind," said Simeon.

"Oh, very well, very well—you are resolved, I see, not to make a friend of me," said Tom. "It will be all the worse for you, that's all, a-humph!"

"I told you before that I did not know what 'a-humph' meant, and so I tell you again," said Simeon.

"Oh, very well, just as you please—you will know before long, I'll be bound. If you can spare the time, I will trouble you to go with me down to the beach, and show me over those snug fishing-boats of yours, that lie at anchor there—I mean the sprat-boats," said Tom, laying an emphasis on the name of the fish, and winking in a peculiar manner.

"Wi' all my heart," said Simeon, laying down his pipe. "Here, Sam, my lad, come and put master lawyer and me aboard the Saucy Sally."

Sam complied, but very awkwardly; he seemed to make so bad a rower, that the punt was nearly capsized, and his master seemed so fearful of the result of his lubberly management that he held on with both hands, and groaned piteously until he was safely on board the Saucy Sally.

"A-humph!" said Tom, "a nice, snug vessel, good cabin, and comfortable berths forward—plenty of room for storage, too."

"Sprats takes a great deal of room," said Simeon.

"True; and have rather a powerful smell; but it strikes me that the air of the hold of the Saucy Sally has less of the fishy than of the spirituous about it," said Tom.

"That's sea-weed," said Simeon.

"A-humph! let us go on board the other craft," said Tom.

"I never knew a land-steward so fond of the water, as you seem to be, Mr. Quickly," said Simeon, as they were rowed ashore by Sam, after having boarded and surveyed the half dozen cutters belonging to him.

"I like a little spirit with my water, and if you are not a fool, you will take care that I shall not want it, a-humph! eh? What, you won't understand? Very well, we shall see which beats in the long run—but you're a fool."

"I always was reckoned one," said Simeon, "and I mean to be; but, now, am I to have some houses and barns built to enable me to underlet some part of the island, and so repay myself for the ruinous expense I have been at, or am I not?"

"Who are to be your tenants?" asked Tom.

"Sam, here, and half a dozen others that have slaved with me to make the land what it is. I am willing they should do the best they can for themselves."

"Oh, very well," said Tom, "I will report favourably of what I have seen, and I trust that, in time, you will know me to be a friend, and treat me accordingly."

"Tide serves now, sir," said Sam, "and the gentleman can leave the island."

"Well, my man, that's a broad hint, but I will take it, and will trouble you to show me the best way out of the island."

The lawyer mounted his nag, Sam walked by his side, and when he came back again, he found his master and his mates carousing over a jolly supper of all sorts of good things, and, as they smoked their pipes, and sipped their Schiedam, and pure *eau de vie*, they had a hearty laugh at the lawyer's expense, which was added to by Sam, who gave a very humorous description of the manner in which Mr. Tom Quickly had tried to pump him, and then to bribe him to betray the secrets of the island, or rather of Sandy Nook.

In less than a twelvemonth, New Britain presented a very different appearance from what it had done on the occasion of the steward's recorded visit. Instead of the one farm-house, called Sandy Nook, some half dozen houses, and barns, and farming buildings, were sprinkled over its surface.

While the building up of these humble cottages—for they were but cottages—was in progress, Mr. Tom Quickly was a constant visitor in the island, and always put up at the house of Simeon, although he was universally entertained with nothing but fish—sprats, while they were in season—and very small beer. He made many attempts to corrupt the fidelity of Simeon's men, and even his wife and children, but without success.

Tom was indignant at being thus foiled. He was certain that Sandy Nook was the head-quarters of one of the most extensive smuggling parties on that part of the coast, and he only wanted to come in for a fair share of the profits. Simeon, however, did not want him for a partner. He was contented to go on as successfully as he had done for the last ten years, and fairly baffled every attempt that was made to penetrate the secrets of his illegal but profitable traffic.

"You will not, then, place any confidence in me!" said Tom to him as he was mounting his horse.

"Confidence! I doesn't understand thee," said Simeon, looking as innocently as a baby.

"A-humph! Then look out for a squall, that's all. I have tried more than any other man would have done to make a friend of you, and you won't—look out, that's all."

Away rode the lawyer, and Simeon, having seen him off the island, went within and had a jolly laugh with his assistants—or rather partners—at his discomfiture.

In less than a fortnight after the last visit of Tom Quickly to the island of New Britain, a small house was erected by the government, about a quarter of a mile from the land by which the island was approachable at low water. As soon as it was finished, a lieutenant and two men were placed in it to guard that part of the coast. They were very vigilant, but vigilant as they were they found nothing to reward them for their vigilance. They boarded Simeon's boats, but found nothing on board them but sprats and sea-weed. They kept a sharp look-out on every body that passed into and out of the island, but nothing was discovered which justified them in accusing any body in being concerned in illegally importing foreign goods. Simeon was remarkably civil to the lieutenant and his men, and after a while succeeded in making them his guests at Sandy Nook, where he entertained them with the best his house afforded, and made them believe that he was a farmer, and nothing but a farmer. After several visits had been paid by the revenue men, one of them, under the influence of an overdose of Schiedam, acknowledged that the station-house had been erected, and a party placed within it, at the instigation and upon the information of one Thomas Quickly, a lawyer, and, as it was reported to them, the agent of the owner of New Britain.

"A-humph," said Simeon.

"Exactly," said the revenue man, "that is the favourite word of the individual."

"He is the greatest smuggler in these parts," said Simeon, "and has only informed against us as a blind, to turn your attention from himself."

"Impossible! It cannot be!" said the man.

"Wait and see," said Simeon. "He wants to ruin me and my tenants here, but you will find him out some day or another."

"I should like to catch him—only let me catch him—d—n him, I hate an informer."

"Then if he should be at his tricks here and I give you notice of it, you'll seize him and punish him as he deserves?" asked Simeon.

"Give me a chance, that's all," said the man.

"Well, good night; my boy, Sim, shall let you know when to seize him," said Simeon, as he shook hands with his half-besotted companion.

"I'll try if I cannot beat the lawyer yet," said Simeon as he sat at breakfast a few mornings after his interview with the revenue officer.

"Look sharp then, father, for here he comes, or my eyes are deceived," said Sim, his son.

"Go you, boy, to the station-house in about half an hour's time, and, when you see a signal hoisted from the upper window of the house, tell the lieutenant that you have reason to suspect that somebody is lying up with some tubs of spirits ready for running inland."

Sim winked at his father and went out at the back-door just as Tom Quickly pulled up his horse at the front, and inquired if Mr. Brownstock was within.

"Here I am, sir, pray walk in," said Simeon. "Sam, take the gentleman's horse, and feed him well."

Tom Quickly entered the room and carefully closed the door. Simeon looked at him, and made believe to be nervous and much agitated.

"I hope you are come to your senses," said Tom. "The game's up, you see."

Simeon groaned.

"A station-house has been erected on purpose to watch your proceedings. No more sprats and sea-weed, it won't do. Make a friend of me now; it is not too late."

Simeon groaned again.

"Come—it's all of no use—I know all about it—let me have some luncheon, and none of your infernal sprats," said Tom.

"Ah! well, the game is up. Here, missus," shouted Simeon, "give lawyer here the best we have in the house. He is our true friend after all."

Mrs. Simeon came in with a white cambric kerchief to her eyes, and hoped that the lawyer would not betray their secrets. Tom swore a vivid oath that he would not, if he was treated confidentially.

"You shall see, sir," said Mrs. Simeon Brownstock, bustling about. "There's as nice a French pie as ever you tasted, and you have only to say the word, and any thing you like to drink, from *vin ordinaire* up to champagne, still or sparkling, you can have."

"This is as it should be," said Tom, attacking the pie, and asking for a bottle of sparkling champagne. "Let me into every thing, and depend upon it you will never rue it."

Simeon groaned, and said he was sorry he had not acceded to his wishes long before, as it might have been the means of keeping the coast-guard men away who were likely to be very troublesome.

"Never mind them," said Tom. "Never mind them, my Cock of the Island—I am a cunning Fox, and see if I don't throw them over—provided you fully entrust me with all your plans and secrets."

"You are a friend," said Simeon. "I'll drink a glass of champagne with you, and then show you every thing. Here, missus, bring another bottle of the sparkling, and help our real friend to a tumbler of it."

Tom drank off the wine, and could not refuse Mrs. Simeon's challenge to take one with her. He "hobbed and nobbed" with her, and, as their tumblers jingled against each other, looked at her rather amorously, which produced a quiet expostulation of "Oh! you naughty man!" from the lady, and a challenge of "one more glass" from the gentleman.

"Now, sir," said Simeon, "if you wish to be let into our secrets, come with me. You will not object to be disguised—to put on a smock-frock for instance—just to disarm suspicion."

"Not in the least—I should rather like it—a jolly lark—eh, Mrs. Brownstock? Upon my word, you are a lovely woman," said Tom.

"Now don't—pray don't," said the lady.

"Now, sir," said Sam, who had been summoned by his master, "put on these large boots, this smock frock, and this round hat—only a bit of straw covered with tarpaulin, and your own mother would not know you."

"All right, Sam, my good fellow," said Tom, obeying the orders given him.

"How do I look?"

"Like a regular-built rogue," said Sam, aside to his mistress.

"Now, sir, come with me—but before I show you my secrets, promise me, on your oath, that you will never say any thing to my injury to any body, let what will happen."

"I swear it—I swear it—I'll take an affidavit to that effect—but lead on—don't be afraid," said Tom.

"I am not afraid for myself," said Simeon, "but if you should be pounced upon by your friends, the preventives, it might go hard with you."

"All right, old cock," said Tom, three parts tipsey, and the other part over-confident in his own abilities, "all right—lead on—I'll follow thee," as the man says in the play."

Simeon led the lawyer first to a barn, in which sundry tubs were stowed away very ingeniously, then to a granary with a double flooring, which concealed many bales of tobacco and lace. In the next place, he led him to a large patch of furze, and showed him a lot of tubs slung ready for carrying away.

"A-humph!" said Tom, "devilish cleverly done."

"Hush!" said Simeon, "lie down—here's some one coming."

"I'm awake," said Tom. "I'm into a rabbit-hole in a minute."

Simeon and Sam saw him there, and ran off as fast as they could. They waited at a certain spot to see the result of their plan. They saw young Simeon bring up the lieutenant and his two men, and they saw them seize the lawyer, who, from the effects of the champagne, "showed fight," but was at length captured. Simeon ran up and asked what was the matter. The answer was, "We have him at last."

"Scoundrel!" said Simeon, "he's the very fellow that set you against me."

"Impossible! This never can be Lawyer Quickly!"

"Oh! oh! It is—it is," said Tom, "but Simeon there can—"

"Respect your word, you villain," said Mrs. Simeon.

"If I do, may I be—"

"Come along—no more of this—you're a cunning fox, but you have overdone it," said the lieutenant. "We'll show him to the beaks in his disguise, and see if he won't catch it."

"Simeon, you won't allow me to be—"

"Off with him," said Simeon.

Tom Quickly was "taken in" before the magistrates, and "done for;" but Simeon did not remain on the island. He knew that Tom had friends in court, so he quietly disappeared from New Britain, taking with him a heavy purse and the hearty good wishes of all his servants.

Tom Quickly, after a time, put in a full explanation of his motives for becoming a smuggler. He was released upon the payment of a heavy fine, and lost his character and his stewardship. The Cock in this instance, proved too much for the Fox.

HILDEBRAND.

From the last Edinburgh Review.—(Concluded.)

Within a single week from the absolution of Canossa, Gregory was on his way to Mantua to hold a council, to which the Emperor had invited him, with the treacherous design (if the papal historians may be credited) of seizing and imprisoning him there. The vigilance of Matilda rescued her Holy Father from the real or imaginary danger. From the banks of the Po she conducted him back, under the escort of her troops, to the shelter of her native mountain fastness. His faith in his own infallibility must have undergone a severe trial. The Imperial sinner he had pardoned, was giving daily proof that the heart of man is not to be penetrated even by Papal eyes. Henry was exercising, with ostentation, the prerogatives he had so lately vowed to forego. He had cast off the abject tone of the confessional. All his royal instincts were in full activity. He breathed defiance against the Pontiff—seized and imprisoned his legates—recalled to his presence his excommunicated councillors—became once more strenuous for his rights—and was recompensed by one simultaneous burst of sympathy, enthusiasm, and devotedness, from his Italian subjects.

To balance the ominous power thus rising against him, Gregory now received an accession of dignity and of influence on which his eulogists are unwilling to dwell. The discipline of the Church, and the fate of the Empire, were not the only subjects of his solicitude while sheltered in the castle and city of the Tuscan heroine. The world was startled and scandalized by the intelligence, that his princely hostess had granted all her hereditary states to her Apostolic guest, and to his successors for ever, in full allodial dominion. By some sage of the law, who drew up the act of cession, it is ascribed to her dread of the Emperor's hostility. A nobler impulse is ascribed to the mistress of Liguria and Tuscany in the hobbling verses of her more honest chaplain. Peter, he says, bore the keys of heaven, and Matilda had resolved to bear the Etrurian keys of Peter's patrimony in no other character than that of doorkeeper to Peter. With what benignity the splendid inheritance was accepted, may also be learned from the worthy versifier. At this hour Pope Gregory the Sixteenth holds some parts of his territorial dominion in virtue of this grant. Hildebrand is one of the saints of the Church, and one of the heroes of the world. He, therefore, escapes the approach of so grave an abuse of the hospitality of the Great Countess, and of the confidence she reposed in her spiritual guide. The coarser reproach in which it has involved them both, will be adopted by no one who has ever watched the weaving of the mystic bonds which knit together the female and the sacerdotal hearts. It was the age of feudalism, not of chivalry. Yet, when chivalry came, and St. Louis himself adorned it, would he, if so tried, have resisted the temptation under which St. Gregory fell? It is, probably, well for the fame of that illustrious prince that his virtue was never subjected to so severe a test.

Canossa, the scene of this memorable cession, was, at the same time, the prison of him to whom it was made. All the passes were beset with Henry's troops. All the Lombard and Tuscan cities were in Henry's possession. His reviving courage had kindled the zeal of his adherents. He was no longer an outcast to be trampled down with impunity; but the leader of a formidable host, with whom even the Vicar of Christ must condescend to temporize.

In the wild defiles of the Alps, swift messengers from the Princes to the Pope hurried past solemn legates from the Pope to the Princes—they urging his instant appearance at Augsburg—he exhorting them to avoid any decision in his absence. Mixed emissaries also passed from Gregory to the Emperor,

summoning him to attend the Diet within a time by which no one unwavering by wings or steam could have reached the place, and requesting from him a suicidal safe-conduct for his pontifical judge. The Pope was now confined to the weapons with which men of the gown contend with men of the sword. His prescience foreboded a civil war. His policy was to assume the guidance of the German league just far enough to maintain his lofty claims, nor far enough to be irrevocably committed to the leaguers. A plausible apology for his absence was necessary. It was afforded by Henry's rejection of demands made only that they might be rejected.

To Otto and to the aspiring Rudolf such subtleties were alike unfamiliar and unsuspected. Those stout soldiers and simple Germans, knew that the Pope had deposed their King and had absolved them from their allegiance. They doubted not, therefore, that he was bound heart and soul to their cause. Or if, in the assembly which they held at Forcheim, a doubt was whispered of Italian honour or of Pontifical faith, it was silenced by the presence there of Papal legates, who sedulously swelled the tide of invective against Henry. At first, indeed, they dissuaded the immediate choice of a rival sovereign. But to the demand of the Princes for prompt and decisive measures, they gave their ready assent. They advised them, it is true, to confer no hereditary title on the object of their choice. Yet when, in defiance of that advice, the choice was made, they solemnly confirmed it in the name, and by the authority, of Gregory. They did not, certainly, vote for the election of Rudolf; but, when the shouts of the multitude announced his accession to the Teutonic throne, they placed the crown on his head. That Hildebrand did not disavow these acts of his representatives, but availed himself of the alliances and aids to be derived from them, appeared, to these downright captains, abundantly sufficient to bind him in conscience and in honour. That the Pope had not the slightest intention of being so bound, unless it should chance to suit his own convenience, is, however, past dispute. Even in the nineteenth century he has found, in M. l'Abbe Jager, an apologist who absolves him from all responsibility for the acts of the legates at the Diet of Forcheim, because they were adopted without awaiting his own personal arrival. The Diet might just as reasonably have awaited the arrival of the Millennium.

The decretals of Rome, of Tribur, of Canossa, and of Forcheim, were now to bear their proper fruits—fruits of bitter taste and of evil augury. At the moment when the cathedral of Mentz was pouring forth the crowds who had just listened to the coronation oath of Rudolf, the clash of arms, the cries of combatants, and the shrieks of the dying, mingled, strangely and mournfully, with the sacred anthems and the songs of revellers. An idle frolic of some Swabian soldiers had kindled into rage the sullen spirit with which the partisans of Henry had gazed on that unwelcome pageant; and the first rude and exasperated voice was echoed by the thousands who learned, from those exclamations, the secret of their numbers and their strength. The discovery and the agitation spread from city to city, and roused the whole German people from the Rhine to the Oder. Men's hearts yearned over their exiled King. They remembered that, but twelve short years before, he had been basely stolen from his mother by churchmen who had yet more basely corrupted him. They commemorated his courage, his courtesy, and his munificence. They pardoned his faults as the excesses of youth, and resented, as insults to themselves, the indignities of Canossa and the treason of Forcheim. In this reflux of public opinion, the loyal and the brave, all who cherished the honours of the crown, and all who desired the independence of the state, were supported by the multitudes to whom the papal edicts against simony and clerical marriages were fraught with calamity, and by that still more numerous body who at all times lend their voices and their arms to swell the triumph of every rising cause. To this confederacy Rudolf had to oppose the alliance of the princes, secular and ecclesiastical, the devoted zeal of the Saxon people, and the secret support, rather than the frank and open countenance, of the Pope. The shock of these hostile powers was near and inevitable.

In the spring of 1077, tidings were spread throughout Germany of the Emperor's arrival to the northward of the Alps. From Franconia, the seat of his house, from the fruitful province of Burgundy, and from the Bohemian mountains, he was greeted with an enthusiastic welcome. Many, even of Bavarians and Swabians, revolted in his favour. His standard once more floated over all the greater citadels of the Rhine. He who, six months before, had fled from Spire as a solitary wanderer, was now at the head of a powerful army, controlling the whole of Southern Germany, laying waste the territories of his rivals, and threatening them with a signal retribution.

Amidst the rising tempest the voice of Gregory was heard; but it was no longer trumpet-tongued and battling with the storm. The Supreme Earthly Judge, the dread avenger, had subsided into the pacific mediator. In the name of Peter he enjoined either king to send him a safe-conduct, that he might, in person, arbitrate between them and stop the effusion of Christian blood. A safe but an impracticable offer; an indirect but significant avowal of neutrality between the sovereign he had so lately deposed, and the sovereign whom, by his legates, he had so lately crowned. Thus ignobly withdrawing from the contest he had so precipitately kindled, Hildebrand returned from Canossa to the papal city. The Great Countess, as usual, attended as the commander of his guard. Rome received in triumph her new Germanicus, and decreed an ovation to his ever-faithful Agrippina.

While the glories of Canossa were thus celebrated by rejoicings in the Christian Capital, these were expiated by blood in the plains of Saxony. Confiding in the solemn acts of the Pope and his Legates, the Saxons had thronged to the defence of the crown of Rudolf, and they had sustained it undauntedly. But the bravest quailed at the intelligence that Gregory had disowned the cause of the Church, and of their native land; and that, even in the palace of the Lateran, the ambassadors of Henry were received with honours and with a deference denied to the humbler envoys of his rival. Sagacity far inferior to that of Hildebrand, could, at that time, have divined that the sword alone could decide such a quarrel—that the sword of Henry was the keener of the two—and that, by the cordial adoption of the cause of either, the Pope might draw on himself the vengeance of the conqueror. To pause, to vacillate, and to soothe, had, therefore, become the policy of the Sovereign of the Papal States: but to be silent or inactive in such a strife, would have been to abdicate one of the highest prerogatives of the Papacy. Pontifical legates traversed Europe. Pontifical epistles demanded the submission of the combatants. Pontifical warnings denounced woes on the disobedient. But no pontifical voice explained who was to be obeyed or who opposed, what was to be done or what forborne. Discerning readers of these mandates understood them as an intimation that, on the victorious side, (whichever that side might be,) the pontifical power would ultimately be found.

The appeal from these dark oracles to the unambiguous sword was made by the rival kings in the autumn of 1078. They met on the banks of the Stren, on the plains of Melrichstadt. Each was driven from the field with enormous

loss; Henry by his inveterate antagonist Otho; Rudolf by Count Herbard, the lieutenant of Henry. Each claimed the victory. An issue so indecisive could draw from the circumspect Pontiff nothing more definite than renewed exhortations to rely on the Holy Peter; and could urge him to no measure more hazardous than that of convening a new Council at the Lateran. There appeared the Imperial envoys with hollow vows of obedience, and Saxon messengers invoking some intelligible intimation of the judgment and purposes of the Apostolic See. Again the Pope listened, spoke, exhorted, threatened, and left the bleeding world to interpret, as it might, the mystic sense of the Infalible.

To that brave and truth-loving people, from whom, at the distance of four centuries, Luther was to rise for the deliverance of mankind, these subterfuges appeared in their real light. The Saxon annalist has preserved three letters sent by his countrymen on this occasion to Gregory, which he must have read with admiration and with shame. 'You know, and the letters of your Holiness attest' (such is their indignant remonstrance) 'that it was by no advice nor for any interest of ours, but for wrongs done to the Holy See, that you deposed our King, and forbade us, under fearful menaces, to acknowledge him. We have obeyed you at great danger, and at the expense of horrible sufferings. Many of us have lost their property and their lives, and have bequeathed hopeless poverty to their children. We who survive are without the means of subsistence, delivered over to the utmost agonies of distress. The reward of our sacrifices is, that he who was compelled to cast himself at your feet has been absolved without punishment, and has been permitted to crush us to the very abyss of misery. After our King had been solemnly deposed in a Synod, and another chosen in virtue of the Apostolic authority, the very matter thus decided is again brought into question. What especially perplexes our simple folk is, that the legates of Henry, though excommunicated by your legates, are well received at Rome. Holy Father, your piety assures us that you are guided by honorable, not by subtle views; but we are too gross to understand them. We can only explain to you that this management of two parties has produced civil war, murder, pillage, conflagration. If we helpless sheep had failed in any point of duty, the vengeance of the Holy See would have overtaken us. Why exhibit so much forbearance, when you have to do with wolves who have ravaged the Lord's fold? We conjure you to look into your own heart, to remember your own honour, to fear the wrath of God, and for your own sake, if not for love of us, rescue yourself from the responsibility for the torrents of blood poured out in our land.'

To these pathetic appeals Gregory answered slowly and reluctantly; by disavowing the acts of his legates at Forcheim; by extolling his own justice, courage, disinterestedness; by invoking the support of all orders of men in Germany; and by assuring them, in spiritual language, of the salvation of such "as should persevere to the end." But the hour for blandishments had passed away. The day of wrath and the power of the sword had come.

The snow covered the earth, and the frost had chained the rivers, when in the winter of 1079-80, the armies of Henry and Rudolf were drawn up, in hostile lines, at the village of Fladenheim near Mulhausen. Henry was the assailant, but, though driven with great loss from the field, Rudolf was the conqueror; for in that field the dreaded Otho again commanded, and by his skill and courage a rout was turned into a victory.

The intelligence arrived at Rome at the moment when Gregory was presiding there in the most numerous of the many councils he had convened at the Lateran. Long-suppressed shame for his ignoble indecision, the murmurs of the assembled Prelates, a voice from Heaven audible, as we are told to his sense alone, and above all the triumphant field of Fladenheim, combined to overcome his long-cherished but timid policy. Rising from his throne with the majesty of his earlier days, the Pope, in the names of Peter and of Paul, "of God and of his holy mother Mary," excommunicated Henry, took from him the government of his states, deprived him of his royal rank, forbade all Christian people to receive him as their king, "gave, granted, and conceded," that Rudolf might rule the German and Italian Empire, and with blessings on Rudolf's adherents, and curses on his foes, dissolved the assembly. Then moved, as he believed, by a divine impulse, he proceeded to the altar, and uttered a prediction, that ere the Church should celebrate the festival of the Prince of the Apostles, Henry, her rebellious outcast, should neither reign nor live to molest her.

A perilous prophecy. Henry was no longer the exile of Tribur nor the penitent of Canossa. His own rage, on hearing of this new papal sentence, did not burn so fiercely as the wrath of his adherents. With the sanction of thirty bishops, a new Anti-Pope, Guibert of Ravenna, was elected at Brixen; and, at every court in Europe, Imperial embassies demanded support for the common cause of all temporal sovereigns. In every part of Germany troops were levied, and Henry marched at their head to crush the one Cisalpine power in alliance with Rome. But that power was still animated by the Saxon spirit, and was still sustained by the claims of Rudolf and by the genius of Otho.

On the bright dawn of an autumn day, his forces, drawn up on the smiling banks of the Elster, raised the sacred song of the Hebrews, 'God standeth in the congregation of princes: he is a judge among Gods;' and flung themselves on the far extended lines of Henry's army; who, with emulous devotion, met them with the hardly less sublime canticle, 'Te Deum laudamus.' Cries more welcome to the demons of war soon stifled these sacred strains—cries of de-pair, of anguish, and of terror. They first rose from one of Henry's squadrons, which, alarmed by the fall of their captain, recoiled, and, in their retreat, spread through the rest a panic, a pause, and a momentary confusion. That moment was enough for the eagle glance of Otho. He rushed on the wavering Imperialists, and, ere that bright sun had reached the meridian, thousands had fallen by the Saxon sword, or had perished in the blood-stained river. The victory was complete, the exultation rapturous. Shouts of glory to the God of battles, thanksgivings for the deliverance of Saxony, dreams of immortal honour to Otho, the noblest of her sons, soothed or exasperated the agonies of the dying, when the triumph was turned into sudden and irremediable mourning. On the field which had, apparently, secured his crown, Rudolf himself had fallen. He fell by an illustrious arm. Godfrey of Bouillon, the hero of the *Jerusalem Delivered*, struck the fatal blow. Another sword severed the right hand from the arm of Rudolf. 'It is the hand,' he cried, as his glazing eye rested on it, 'with which I confirmed my fealty to Henry my lord.' At once elevated by so signal a victory, and depressed by these penitent misgivings, his spirit passed away, leaving his adherents to the mercy of his rival.

The same sun which witnessed the ruin of Henry's army on the Elster, looked down on a conflict, in which, on that eventful morning, the forces of Matilda in the Mantuan territory fled before his own. He now, once more, descended into Italy. He came, not, as formerly, a pilgrim and an exile; but at the head of an army devoted to his person, and defying all carnal enemies and all

spiritual censures. He came to encounter Hildebrand, destitute of all Transalpine alliances, and supported, even in Italy, by no power but that of Matilda; for the Norman Duke of Apulia was far away attempting the conquest of the Eastern capital and empire. But Henry left, in his rear, the invincible Saxons and the hero who commanded them. To prevent a diversion in that quarter, the Emperor proposed to abdicate his dominion in Saxony in favour of Conrad, his son. But Otho (a merry talker, as his annalist informs us) rejected the project with the remark, that 'the calf of a vicious bull usually proved vicious.' Leaving, therefore, this implacable enemy to his machinations, the Emperor pressed forward; and before the summer of 1080, the citizens of Rome saw, from their walls, the German standards in hostile array in the Campagna.

In the presence of such danger, the gallant spirit of the aged Pope once more rose and exalted. He convened a Synod to attest his last defiance of his formidable enemy. He exhorted the German princes to elect a successor to Rudolf. In letters of impassioned eloquence, he again maintained his supremacy over all the kings and rulers of mankind. He welcomed persecution as the badge of his holy calling; and, while the besiegers were at the gates, he disposed (at least in words) of royal crowns and distant provinces. Matilda supplied him with money, which, for a while, tranquillized the Roman populace. He himself wrought miracles to extinguish conflagrations kindled by their treachery. In language such as martyrs use, he consoled the partners of his sufferings. In language such as heroes breathe, he animated the defenders of the city. The siege, or blockade, continued for three years uninterrupted, except when Henry's troops were driven, by the deadly heats of autumn, to the neighbouring hills. Distress, and, it is alleged, bribery, at length subdued the courage of the garrison. On every side clamours were heard for peace; for Henry demanded, as the terms of peace, nothing more than the recognition of his Imperial title, and his coronation by the hands of Gregory. The conscience, perhaps the pride, of Gregory revolted against the proposal. His invincible will opposed and silenced the outcries of the famished multitudes; nor could their intreaties, or their threats, extort from him more than a promise that, in the approaching winter, he would propose the question to a Pontifical Synod. It met, by the permission of Henry, on the 30th November 1083. It was the latest council of Gregory's pontificate. A few Bishops, faithful to their chief and to his cause, now occupied the seats so often thronged by mitred churchmen. Every pallid cheek and anxious eye was turned to him who occupied the loftier throne in the centre of that agitated assembly. He rose, and the half-uttered suggestions of fear and human policy were hushed into deep stillness as he spoke. He spoke of the glorious example, of the sacred duty, of the light affliction, and of the eternal reward, of martyrs for the faith. He spoke, as dying fathers speak to their children, of peace, and hope, and of consolation. But he spoke also, as inspired prophets spake of yore to the Kings of Israel, denouncing the swift vengeance of heaven against his oppressor. The enraptured audience declared that they had heard the voice of an angel, not of a man. Gregory dismissed the assembly, and calmly prepared for whatever extremity of distress might await him.

It did not linger. In the spring of 1084 the garrison was overpowered, the gates were thrown open to the besiegers, and Gregory sought a precarious refuge in the Castle of St. Angelo. He left the great church of the Lateran as a theatre for the triumph of his antagonist and his rival. Seated on the Apostolic throne, Guibert, the Anti-Pope of Brixen, was consecrated there by the title of Clement the Third; and then, as the successor of Peter, he placed the crown of Germany and of Italy on the brows of Henry and of Bertha as they knelt before him.

And now Henry had in his grasp the author of the shame of Canossa, of the anathemas of the Lateran, and of the civil wars and rebellions of the Empire. The base populace of Rome were already anticipating, with sanguinary joy, the humiliation, perhaps the death, of the noblest spirit who had reined there since the slaughter of Julius. The approaching catastrophe, whatever might be its form, Gregory was prepared to meet with a serene confidence in God, and a haughty defiance of man. A few hours more, and the castle of St. Angelo might have yielded to famine or to assault, when the aged Pope in the very agony of his fate, gathered the reward of the policy with which he had cemented the alliance between the Papacy and the Norman conquerors of the south of Italy. Robert Guiscard, returning from Constantinople, flew to the rescue of his Suzerain. Scouts announced to Henry the approach of a mighty host, in which the Norman battle-axe and the cross were strangely united with the Saracenic cimeter and the crescent. A precipitate retreat scarcely rescued his enfeebled troops from the impending danger. He abandoned his prey in a fever of disappointment. Unable to slake his thirst for vengeance, he might allay it by surprising the Great Countess, and overwhelming her forces, still in arms in the Modenese. But he was himself surprised in the attempt by her superior skill and vigilance. Shouts for St. Peter and Matilda roused the retreating Imperialists by night, near the castle of Sorbaria. They retired across the Alps with such a loss of men, of officers, and of treasure, as disabled them from any further enterprises.

The Emperor returned into Germany to reign undisturbed by civil war; for the great Otho was dead, and Herman of Luxemburg, who had assumed the Imperial title, was permitted to abdicate it with contemptuous impunity. Henry returned, however, to prepare for new conflicts with the Papacy—to drain the cup of toil, of danger, and of distress—and to die, at length, with a heart broken by the patricidal cruelty of his son. No prayers were said, and no requiem sung, over the unhallowed grave which received the bones of the excommunicate Monarch. Yet they were committed to the earth with the best and the kindest obsequies. The pity of his enemies, the lamentation of his subjects, and the unbidden tears of the poor, the widows, and the orphans, who crowded round their benefactor, rendered his tomb not less sacred than if blessed by the united prayers of the whole Christian Episcopacy. Those unbribed mourners wept over a Prince to whom God had given a large heart, and a capacious mind; but who had derived from canonized Bishops a corrupting education, and from too early and too unchecked prosperity the development of every base and cruel appetite; but to whom calamity had imparted a self-dominion from which none could withhold his reverence, and an active sympathy with sorrow to which none could refuse his love.

With happier fortunes, as, indeed, with loftier virtues, Matilda continued for twenty-five years, to wage war in defence of the Apostolic See. After a life which might seem to belong to the province of romance rather than of history, she died at the age of seventy-five, bequeathing to the world a name second, in the annals of her age, to none but that of Hildebrand himself.

To him the Norman rescue of the Papal city brought only a momentary relief. He returned in triumph to the Lateran. But, within a few hours, he looked from the walls of that ancient palace on a scene of woe such as, till then, had never passed before him. A sanguinary contest was raging between the forces of Robert and the citizens attached to Henry. Every street was

barricaded, every house had become a fortress. The pealing of bells, the clash of arms, cries of joy, and shrieks of despair, assailed his ears in dismal concert. When the sun set behind the Tuscan hills on this scene of desolation, another light, and a still more fearful struggle succeeded. Flames ascended at once from every quarter. They leaped from house to house, enveloping and destroying whatever was most splendid or most sacred in the edifices of mediæval Rome. Amidst the roar of the conflagration they had kindled, and by its portentous light, the fierce Saracens and the ruthless Northmen revelled in plunder, lust, and carnage, like demons by the glare of their native pandemonium. Gregory gazed with agony on the real and present aspect of civil war. Perhaps he thought with penitence on the wars he had kindled beyond the Alps. Two thirds of the city perished. Every convent was violated, every altar profaned, and multitudes driven away into perpetual and hopeless slavery.

Himself a voluntary exile, Gregory sought in the Castle of Salerno, and under the protection of the Normans, the security he could no longer find among his own exasperated subjects. Age and anxiety weighed heavily upon him. An unwonted lassitude depressed a frame till now incapable of fatigue. He recognised the summons of death, and his soul rose with unconquerable power to entertain that awful visitant. He summoned round his bed the Bishops and Cardinals who had attended his flight from Rome. He passed before them, in firm and rapid retrospect, the incidents of his eventful life. He maintained the truth of the great principles by which it had been governed from the commencement to the close. He named his three immediate successors in the Papacy. He assured his weeping friends of his intercession for them in heaven. He forgave, and blessed, and absolved his enemies, though with the resolute exceptions of the Emperor and the Anti Pope. He then composed himself to die. His faltering lips had closed on the transubstantiated elements. The final unction had given assurance that the body, so soon to be committed to the dust, would rise again in honour and in incorruption. Anxious to catch the last accents of that once oracular voice, the mourners were bending over him, when, struggling in the very grasp of death, he collected, for one last effort, his failing powers, and breathed out his spirit with the indignant exclamation—"I have loved righteousness and hated iniquity, and therefore I die an exile!"

It was not permitted, even to the genius of Hildebrand, to condense, into a single sentence, an epitome of such a life as his. It was a life scarcely intelligible to his own generation, or to himself, or indeed to our age, except by the light of that ecclesiastical history in which it forms so important an era.

It had ill beseemed the inspired wisdom of the tent-maker of Tarsus, and of the Galilean fishermen, to have founded on any other than a popular basis a society destined to encounter the enmity of the dominant few by the zeal of the devoted many. From the extant monuments of their lives and writings, it accordingly appears that they conceded to the lay multitude an ample share in the finance, the discipline, and the legislation of the collective body. The deacons were the tribunes of the Christian people. This was the age of Proselytism.

In the sad and solemn times which followed, ecclesiastical authority became austere and arbitrary, and submission to it enthusiastic. Martyrs, in the contemplation of mortal agonies and of an opening paradise, had no thoughts for the adjustment and balancing of sacerdotal powers. They who braved the wild beasts of the amphitheatre, or the ascetic rigours of the wilderness, were the heroes of the Church. The rest sunk into a degraded caste. But all laid bare their souls at the confessional. All acknowledged a dominion which, discountenanced by the state, sustained itself by extreme and recon-dite maxims of government. In virtue of such maxims, the Episcopal order encroached on every other. The vicarious attributes of Deity were ascribed to those who ministered at the altar. There, and at the font, gifts of inestimable price were placed, in popular belief, at the disposal of the priest, whose miracles, though unattested by sense or consciousness, threw into the shade the mightiest works of Moses and of Christ. This was the age of Persecution.

Heretics arose. To refute them from the sacred text was sometimes difficult, always hazardous. It was easier to silence them by a living authority. The Bishops came forth as the elect depositories of an unwritten code. Tradition became the rule of the Christian world. It might crush the errors of Arius—it might sustain the usurpations of Ambrose. This was the age of Controversy.

Constantine saw the miraculous cross, and worshipped. He confirmed to the Christian hierarchy all their original and all their acquired powers. This was the age of the Church and State alliance.

The seat of empire was transferred from the Tiber to the Bosphorus. The Roman bishop and clergy seized on the vacant inheritance of abdicated authority. The Pope became the virtual sovereign of the Roman city. The Greeks and Latins became ecclesiastical rivals. Then was first heard the Roman watchword and rallying cry of the Visible Unity of the Church. This was the age of Papal Independence.

Goths, Vandals, Huns, Bulgarians, Franks, and Lombards, conquered the dominions of Cesar. But they became the converts and tributaries of Peter. The repulse of the Saracens by Charles Martel gave to Europe a new empire, to the Church a second Constantine. This was the age of Barbaric Invasion.

Europe became one vast assemblage of military states. The lands were every where partitioned by the conquerors amongst their liegemen, who, having bound themselves to use their swords in their lords' defence, imposed a similar obligation on their own tenants, who, in turn, exacted it from their subordinate vassals. This was the age of Feudalism and of Hildebrand.

He ascended the Apostolic throne, therefore, armed with prescriptions in favour of the loftiest claims of the hierarchy, thus reaching back almost to the apostolic times. But he found in the Papal armoury other weapons scarcely less keen, though of a more recent fabric. Of these the most effective were the intimate alliance of the Roman See with the monastic orders, and the re-appearance, in theological debate, of that mystic word which, seven centuries before, had wrought such prodigies at Nicæa. He who first taught men to speak of an Hypostatic change beneath unchanging forms, may have taught them to talk nonsense. But though he added little or nothing to the received doctrine of the Church, he made an incalculable addition to the sacerdotal power.

To grasp, to multiply, and to employ these resources in such a manner as to render the Roman Pontiff the suzerain of the civilized world, was the end for which Hildebrand lived—an unworthy end, if contrasted with the high and holy purposes of the Gospel—an end even hateful, if contrasted with the free and generous spirit in which the primitive founders of the Church had estab-

lished and inculcated her liberties—yet an end which might well allure a noble spirit in the eleventh century, and the attainment of which (so far as it was attained) may be now acknowledged to have been conducive, perhaps essential, to the progress of Christianity and civilization.

To the spiritual despotism of Rome in the middle ages may, indeed, be traced a long series of errors and crimes, of wars and persecutions. Yet the Papal dynasty was the triumphant antagonist of another despotism the most galling, the most debasing, and otherwise the most irremediable, under which Europe had ever groaned. The centralization of ecclesiastical power more than balanced the isolating spirit of the feudal oligarchies. The vassal of Western, and the serf of Eastern Europe, might otherwise, at this day, have been in the same social state, and military autocracies might now be occupying the place of our constitutional or paternal governments. Hildebrand's despotism, with whatever inconsistency, sought to guide mankind, by moral impulses, to a more than human sanctity. The feudal despotism with which he waged war, sought with a stern consistency, to degrade them into beasts of burden. It was the conflict of mental with physical power, of literature with ignorance, of religion with injustice and debauchery. To the Popes of the middle ages was assigned a province, their abandonment of which would have plunged the Church and the World into the same hopeless slavery. To Pope Gregory the Seventh were first given the genius and the courage to raise himself, and his successors to the level of that high vocation.

Yet Hildebrand was the founder of a tyranny only less odious than that which he arrested, and was apparently actuated by an ambition neither less proud, selfish, nor reckless, than that of his secular antagonists. In the great economy of Providence human agency is ever alloyed by some base motives; and the noblest successes recorded by history, must still be purchased at the price of some great ultimate disaster.

To the title of the Czar Peter of the Church conferred on him by M. Guizot, Hildebrand's only claim is, that by the energy of his will he moulded her institutions and her habits of thought to his own purposes. But the Czar wrought in the spirit of an architect who invents, arranges, and executes his own plan: Hildebrand in the spirit of a builder, erecting by the divine hand had drawn the design and provided the materials. His faith in what he judged to be the purposes and the will of Heaven, were not merely sublime but astounding. He is every where depicted in his own letters the habitual denizen of that bright region which the damps of fear never penetrate, and the shadows of doubt never overcast.

To extol him as one of those Christian stoics whom the wreck of worlds could not divert from the straight paths of integrity and truth, is a mere extravagance. His policy was Imperial; his resources and his arts sacerdotal. Anathemas and flatteries, stern defiance and subtle insinuations, invective such as might have been thundered by Genseric, and apologies such as might have been whispered by Augustulus, succeed each other in his story, with no visible trace of hesitation or of shame. Even his professed orthodoxy is rendered questionable by his conduct and language towards Berengarius, the great opponent of transubstantiation. With William of England, Philip of France, and Robert of Apulia, and even with Henry of Germany, he temporized at the expense of his own principles as often as the sacrifice seemed advantageous. 'Nature gave horns to bulls:' to aspiring and belligerent Churchmen she gave Dissimulation and Artifice.

Our exhausted space forbids the attempt to analyse or delineate the character of the great founder of the spiritual despotism of Rome. His acts must stand in place of such a portraiture. He found the Papacy dependent on the Empire: he sustained her by alliances almost commensurate with the Italian Peninsula. He found the Papacy electoral by the Roman people and clergy: he left it electoral by a college of Papal nomination. He found the Emperor the virtual patron of the Holy See: he wrested that power from his hands. He found the secular clergy the allies and dependents of the secular power: he converted them into the inalienable auxiliaries of his own. He found the higher ecclesiastics in servitude to the temporal sovereigns: he delivered them from that yoke to subjugate them to the Roman Tiara. He found the patronage of the Church the mere desecrated spoil and merchandise of princes: he reduced it within the dominion of the Supreme Pontiff. He is celebrated as the reformer of the impure and profane abuses of his age: he is more justly entitled to the praise of having left the impress of his own gigantic character on the history of all the ages which have succeeded him.

THE NEVILLES OF GARRETSTOWN—A TALE OF 1760.

BY HARRY LORREQUER, AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," ETC.
CHAPTER XXXV.—THE SECLUSION.

There was a seclusion in the extensive gardens of Garretstown which Madeleine for some time had made her own. It was a region which seemed to feel the presiding influence of her genius and taste, and flourished as in grateful acknowledgment. Rich flowers and shapely shrubs were happily disposed where no harsh winds could reach them; and a mountain torrent, not scanty even in the summer heats, fell over a precipitous ledge of rock, and hurried on for some short distance, until it entered a natural basin, whose placid water contrasted pleasingly with the rush of the torrent. At the opposite extremity of this fairy region, and in view of the still and the falling water, Madeleine had arranged for herself a hermitage, where she passed many a thoughtful hour in schooling her troubled heart to bear its sorrows, and in reveries, it must be acknowledged, which she dared not indulge elsewhere.

This little rustic chamber was occupied, in the afternoon, a few days after the defeat of Neville's party, but not by Madeleine. Two persons were there: in one of them her unusual paleness could not disguise the fine features of Mrs. Barnewell; the other was one whom no expression of countenance, no hue of colour could disguise—the Right Rev. Dr. Manning. We introduced the reader to him at an early part of our story, and have not until now had occasion to return to him again.

There was something of alarm in the excitement of the lady's looks; and the right reverend divine wore an air more than ordinarily serious and resolved. They had walked a distance of not less than two miles from Mr. Barnewell's residence; and, having seen a party of light horse drawn up at the entrance Garretstown House, had turned aside from the usual approach, and waited, in Madeleine's little retreat, a quieter time to make their visit. The bishop was desirous to have a conference with Dillon O'Moore; the lady was eager to converse with her young friend; but both deemed it advisable to govern their impatience, and hoped to find, in the security and freedom of the conference for which they were solicitous, a recompense for the pain of waiting for it.

The furniture of the little apartment they sat in was simple. There was a shelf, on which a few books, among them Spencer, Shakespeare, and Berkeley's Minute Philosopher, were arranged; a table, on which a large Bible rested on

a reading-desk; and a rustic bench, on which the two visitants were seated. A few landscape sketches, in Indian ink, on the walls, imparted an air of intellectual elegance to the chamber. Other wealth there was none. Madeleine had neither the desire nor the opportunity to store up in her favoured haunt those works of curiosity, rather than of taste, with which other hermitages of the time were adorned or cumbered.

The bishop was scanning, with practised eye, the pages of the Bible, while he, nevertheless, continued the conversation in which he was engaged with his fair companion. At times, however, he seemed to wince; and a shade passed over his brow, as he discerned here and there faint pencil marks, delicately traced, at passages which he would have been better pleased to think the members of his congregation had left unmarked and unremembered.

"Poor child," said he, speaking to himself, "it is an evil thing to drift thus early over this perilous ocean, God's word although it be. Poor child, much will be pardoned her," addressing himself to Mrs. Barnewell, "if she wander from the way. Her father, I fear, was a scoffer, and the aunt to whom her infancy was given in charge—"

"Do not speak of that tissue of craft, silliness and caprice. How Madeleine came out of her hands, even as she has come, is a miracle to me. The vain old woman had set her heart on building up a royal house. Madeleine was to be a queen. Would you believe it, that she persuaded the girl's director, as soon as she went to confession, to leave her natural indifference about religious doctrine as little disturbed as possible.

"One does not know," said she, "how inconvenient it might yet prove to have the young lady's opinions very fixed."

"She thought, if her own wild dreams were realized, the less religion poor Madeleine had, the less objection could be made to her. But, thank God! her sweet disposition has not been spoiled, and her kind concern for all she can serve. It has gone to my heart to see her, as I have seen her in the smoky cabins of our most wretched poor, like a ministering angel—only that angels have no sorrows of their own; and Madeleine's sweet face tells, I am afraid, too truly of other griefs than that of mere compassion."

There was silence for a few minutes; the ecclesiastic absorbed in thought, and the lady in turning over the leaves of a manuscript book which lay open on the table.

"Madeleine," said she, "appears to confide, if not her secrets, at least her feelings, to this mute companion;" and she read—

"Beautiful spring, thy dewy eyes
Are wet with many a tear;
And faintly as thy smiles arise,
'Tis but to disappear:
Yet, dearer are thy tears to me
Than summer's brightest smiles could be.
"Though many a melancholy thought,
Which fain I'd bid depart,
And many a recollection, fraught
With heaviness of heart,
Return with thee—oh! still most dear
Thy fickle smile, thy trembling tear.
"For with them fondest visions rise,
This heart can ne'er forget;
And beaming from thy dewy skies,
Are dreams to bless me yet;—
And, pictured in thy smiles and tears,
The hope, the love of happier years.
"And now thy soft and soothing voice
Seems whisperingly to say—
'Poor, trembling mourner, yet rejoice,
Thou shalt not long delay;
And my returning step shall tread
Lightly above the unheeding dead.'

"Alas! it is my weary discontent and pettishness that speaks here. Why should I entertain such a desire! No, Madeleine; thou art not free to die. The selfishness of thy own sorrow cannot release thee; thou canst do good. Wrecked as thy hopes have been, thou canst minister comfort; and if—and if—Madeleine thou hast a father—"

"Have we a right, Mrs. Barnewell," said the bishop, "to surprise your young friend's secrets?"

"Not her real secrets," replied the lady; "but for these little poetical mysteries there are no laws of honour. If there turn up anything to show you a hidden bias of Madeleine's mind, it may help to direct you in advising her. But to say the truth, I am deceiving or trying to beguile myself, and turn to this dear girl's book to distract, if it be possible, the thoughts and fears that pursue me. How weak and inconsistent are we—how our desires and purposes alter! I thought myself loyal and true-hearted, and now—can you believe while I confess—that the messenger who brought the tidings of Barnewell's safe arrival on the coast of France, should receive from me a more grateful welcome than one I would have given to him that told me that the king was proclaimed with acclamations of a loyal and converted people in the good city of London."

"You must not be severe on yourself, my daughter; grief and fear have often the effect of narrowing the heart. You will feel more like your former self when this trial is over past."

"No, my lord; it is not grief or fear, it is conscience that oppresses me. I cannot but remember that it was I who urged Barnewell on the schemes which have brought all we love into this straight—schemes to which his mind was ill adapted, and, I must say, ill inclined. But," said she frowning, as a tear broke away from her eyelids, "we will dismiss such thoughts—hence away you evil spirits. Let us hear Madeleine again."

"And here we have prose. What does she say?"

"And that was John Wesley. They who reproach him know not what spirit he is of—"

"How charming is divine philosophy."

"For the first time I have listened to holy eloquence—listened with heart and mind, and spirit. Shall the impression it left upon my awakened soul ever pass away from it? Never till now had the great realities that make this world's sorrow feel light, so fully possessed my whole being. And that wretched maniac—how he yielded to the heavenly influence—what a picture, as he knelt for the saint's blessing. It was as if a lost soul had been recovered, and the

minister of heaven gave glory to God for the redemption. Bless God, oh my soul, for this good day—be it ever honoured in my calendar."

"I was unprepared for this," said the bishop, meditatively.

"But, alas, not I," said the lady. "Madeleine was with me in Clonmel on a day when some wild preachers came to harangue in the streets. It would seem there had been interruption, and I believe blows and wounds with no good result, and the day we were auditors another scheme of disturbance was contrived; so when the preacher stood on a platform on the one side, the unearthly face and figure of that poor fool of your town, was seen on the other. Above the crowd, raised to a level with the preacher, there commenced a rivalry between Methodist and maniac—the one repeating the words of the other, with a vehemence of intonation and gesture that excited the preacher to fury and called out shouts of laughter from the people. As the preacher warmed into a furious vehemence, the crowd laughed louder, and all seemed to promise a speedy defeat to the invaders, when, on a sudden, the preacher ceased to speak and retired, and this Mr. Wesley, who had just arrived, stood in his place at the front of the platform. His first act was to call on the people around to join in a psalm or hymn, and when it was ended, he commenced his harangue. All I can say is, I do not wonder at Madeleine's enthusiasm. You must have heard, I should think, how the multitude was overmastered. But the great miracle was the effect produced on the poor idiot, who, after some time, descended from his elevation, came timidly forward and on his knees asked the preacher to bless him. But here comes the dear girl—the lady of the mansion. I bid you welcome, fair maiden, to your own fairy home. I have endeavoured to do its honors to my lord bishop, and now offer its hospitalities to your own fair self."

The lady ceased, for she saw that Madeleine was thoughtful, even to more than pensiveness, and the bishop spoke of his desire to have an interview with the young lady's father. At a time of less pressing emergency, he would solicit her own attention to matters of no ordinary moment. Mrs. Barnewell interrupted, or rather followed him, for he had ceased before she spoke.

"Madeleine," said she, "I trust you will hear his lordship with the deference to be expected from a person of your spirit and principles. Whatever you may think or do, or whatever meaning you may give to the words of this book, far be it from me to under-value it. You will never be the person to disgrace your family or to desert your cause. These are not times when loyal gentlemen or gentlewomen can think of changing their religion—when the true-hearted are outcast or oppressed, and the false and the low have dominion over them—when Catholic churches lie in ruin and Catholic priests are proscribed—when it is pronounced a crime worthy of death to hold a commission in God's church or a commission for the king—that is no time for a Catholic maiden to turn traitor to her cause; no, though conscience itself were to seduce her, my sweet Madeleine you will not listen to any counsels that would draw you away from us."

Madeleine listened with a surprised interest while the lady spoke, and paused in thought for some minutes after she had ceased speaking. For a moment it seemed as if she were about to reply, but gave up the idea, as though unsuited to the occasion. The only observation she made in answer to the impetuous commonplace of her friend, was—

"I dare not be angry against God."

"No, daughter," observed the bishop, "you dare not, you ought not to repine at God's high decrees. What he wills is right, and he demands your faith, not because his Church is persecuted, but because it is apostolic and true. If you have any doubt that it is so, you owe it to your Church, even by your baptismal vows, to give your spiritual director (if you will confide in me, I will assume the office) an opportunity to convince you; but at this moment duties of a more temporal character must be discharged. It is of deep moment that we see your father. He must learn that we are here, and he must learn this secretly."

Duly instructed and accredited, Madeleine proceeded on her embassy, and found her father in his study, but he was not alone. The regimental surgeon, who had been placed in charge of the wounded officer, was his companion; and Madeleine was condemned to wait the termination of his visit to her father, before she could open her commission.

When the ordinary compliments were paid, the conversation which her entrance had interrupted, soon resumed its course, and after due obeisance and explanation to the fair visitor, the surgeon said—"I do not well know, whether poor Neville's report is delusion, but if it be, of all possible delusions, it is the soberest. His manner is perfectly sane, so much so, indeed, that, but for the incident he relates, I would receive it as serious. You look, ma'am, as if you commanded me to relate this strange tale. The fact is, that Captain Neville speaks of his having been saved by an apparition such as would be very natural among the realities of a pantomime, but would hardly be admissible among the beings of life, or even of the legitimate drama."

"I scarcely think doctor, that this is sufficient for my daughter's curiosity."

"Sufficient to excite it very much, but not to satisfy it," said the young lady.

"My patient's report is, that when his horse had fallen under him, dead, and when he, severely wounded, stood at bay, having no thought but of dying as a soldier, there appeared, suddenly, on a rocky eminence near him, a being, whether man or spectre he does not say, but whose aspect and bearing seemed to belong more to another world than this, and whose authority over the multitude was not less than supernatural—of which, or of something like it, his life is a species of witness."

"Was he able to give you," said O'Moore, "any description of this extraordinary and seasonable apparition?"

"Yes, but not more precise than any serious pantomime or mystery would supply—a man of tall stature, white hair, flowing beard, and 'sandalled shoon,' head bare, ditto legs, with loose dark drapery girded up at the middle by a cord—nothing in this that dramatic recollections might not supply."

"Is not this," said Madeleine to her father, "a description of the hermit. It is so I heard him represented."

"Yes, I believe it is. Our neighbourhood, Mr. Phillips, is occasionally visited by something which answers very well to your description. A species of male sybil it would seem—a composite of the two-fold theology of Rome, the pagan, and what you would call perhaps, the popish. His ascendancy over the minds of our peasantry is great, perhaps powerful enough to produce an effect such as you describe."

"You said an occasional visitant. Is he not usually residing here?"

"No—from time to time, perhaps not more than once in the year, he appears—remains some few days, wandering about the country, deliberately declining all the hospitalities by which the people can tempt him, and then ceases to be

seen. While here, he is occasionally accessible to the poor—gives a vice, spiritual I mean, not medical, although some say his gifts extend even to the art, which can be tested in this visible world, but one thing is certain—the people look upon him as a man of supernatural endowments. It seems that we owe him much for the service he rendered our poor guest."

"I am not a little disposed to think that we may owe to him or something like him, all the events of the day, its disasters not less than its deliverance."

"Is not this hard, Mr. Phillips, to accuse a man, because he has been the author of good, of all the evil which he has not prevented?"

"It is hard and harsh, but we live in a hard world, where suspicion grows with experience. I should like much to see this cockle hatted—although it seems to discard the hat—this staffed and sandalled hermit. The warden of the lists who caused the combat to cease, by throwing down his staff, was not altogether unconcerned in the contest he interrupted. Would you not think it a good plan at all events to have the man arrested? He was a witness of the murderous attack, why should he not be questioned relatively to it?"

"I can see no reason why you should not endeavour to make use of him; but I doubt much your chances of success. Rely upon it—one who has such power as his over the people, will not hazard the loss of it. He knows that were he, in a single instance, to become aiding and assisting in carrying out your laws, he should re-appear among his former votaries like a caged bird among the tribes of air. If they did not destroy him, they would shun him."

"What a singular estrangement from law, the people of this country exhibit."

"Why call it singular. Can anything be more natural. You Englishmen love the laws, because you love your possessions. For the same reason Irishmen hate them. What they secure to you they hold from the Irish. Men are not wise and spiritual enough in general, to love the laws that make them paupers. But it may also be said, that your laws are looked upon here as merely provisional. The rightful monarch holds in the judgment of the people, the same ascendancy that the de facto king exercises over the military and the constables. They are only, at most, awakening to stern realities, and the voices of their dreams have influence over them still."

"It is a painful and perplexing state of things," said the regimental surgeon, unwilling to prolong a conversation in which more might be said than he was willing to hear. "My patient's dreams and sleeps must be, however, my anxious care for the present, and with your permission I shall resume my station beside him."

"Madeleine," said Mr O'Moore, after the departure of his guest, "what think you of the specimen you have now seen of English gratitude? The life of an officer in the army is protected and saved by the courageous exertions of a man, who, I suppose, owed him no such service, and what is his recompense. Perhaps to-morrow we shall hear that he is seized upon by some brutal soldiers, and plagued, as if the good deed he did was evidence to accuse him of an evil in which he had no part—generous grateful—Hanoverian England!"

"How much I do wish," said the young lady, musingly, "to see this strange being, I have heard so much of him."

"I can tell you, if you have such a passion or folly, you should indulge it without loss of time. If he deserve the praise of wisdom, which you are disposed to give him, he will soon find out that he must take his departure without beat of drum. Otherwise he will in all probability change his solemn cell for a cell in some gloomy prison."

"How could I see him. Would you send for him here?"

"Send for him. I might as well send a message to a thunder-cloud, or to the wildest of our mountain eagles. Like John the Baptist of your Gospel, the hermit, to produce the proper effect, must keep to his wilderness. People must go out there to see him. No, no, Mademoiselle, if you are intent on seeing the hermit, you must find when he holds his court, and visit him."

"Will you be my protector?"

"You do not need a protector, and must not depend on me for your escort. If you are really desirous of seeing this man, avail yourself of the first opportunity to indulge your inclination—perhaps it may not be repeated. Give orders that you may have notice of him when he appears. Let the servants make the inquiry; but, if you manage well, just dream of him to-night—indeed you can hardly fail to do so; depend upon it you'll make a good enough hermit for yourself, and avoid the trouble of going to seek him."

"Thanks dear father," said Madeleine, courtseying with a lowly reverence.

"For what my child?"

"For your liberal indulgence to dream what I please, and your recipe for a hermit. If the dreams will only follow your example. But, alas! they are too original and uncomplying—they seem to have no correspondence with us, except what they show by being always absent, when we call for them. If they do come, they have generally a will of their own, and sport themselves to spite us."

"They are not like you Madeleine. At least I have never known you absent in mind or heart when your father wanted both. Keep a good heart now, my child, and if it be necessary, be ready to leave this at a short notice."

Madeleine started. A sudden paleness spread over her face.

"Why, oh, why dear father, must we go?" said she in beseeching accents.

"Nay child," he replied, "it possibly may not be. We may pass many tranquil days in this abode, but the wise should be prepared. I must leave you my child. The bishop's communication I apprehend could prove of little interest to you. But perhaps it will be as well that you offer the hospitalities of the mansion to Mrs. Barnwell and then leave the bishop and me to our graver deliberation."

ANECDOTES OF HIGHWAYMEN.

The highwayman, once so much dreaded by the traveller in England, is now not often met with. In the present state of society, the highroad, the proper scene of his exploits, no longer presents all the advantages which it afforded him in the olden time of the legends, in which the lives of miscreants of this class are recorded; many still survive, and these never fail to extol their extraordinary sagacity and courage. In those qualities they did not, however, perhaps surpass their fellows of comparatively modern date.

Not many years ago a traveller was stopped on the road, at midday, by a highwayman, to whom, without hesitation, he delivered his purse. The robber took it, and having put it deliberately into his pocket, said,—

"Now, sir, your boot, if you please—this boot upon your right leg."

The traveller, not a little surprised at this new demand, made answer,—

"What can you want with my boot? You have two very good boots; mine is an old one, and the want of it will be attended with great inconvenience to me."

"Oh, be not alarmed," replied the highwayman, "you shall have your boot again presently—but off it must come."

The robber was a stout man, and well armed; resistance would be of no avail. The boot was drawn off, and the highwayman having taken out of it a thin little packet, politely returned the boot to its owner, wished him good morning, and rode away. The traveller, it appears, besides the money in his purse, had two bank-notes of large amount in value, which for greater safety he concealed in a very thin card case, placed on the side of his leg within his boot, which, reaching up to the knee, was there secured by a strap, as was customary at the time.

"It must have required extraordinary sagacity in the highwayman," added the relator of this anecdote, "to have made this discovery at a single glance; it looks like intuitive knowledge, you will say instinct."

"I will not argue the point with you," replied the friend; "only allow me to relate another anecdote in return,—"

"A lady, who had some friends and relations in Yorkshire, left home to pay them her annual visit. She was a widow, about fifty years of age,—a robust, portly person, with features expressive of confidence and self-possession. Being a woman of good property, she travelled in her own carriage, attended only by one servant, a trusty man many years in the family, who drove the carriage. When within nine or ten miles of her destination, her progress was arrested by a tremendous storm. It blew a perfect hurricane, and the rain fell in a torrent. In this distressing situation an inn fortunately presented itself close at hand, in which she sought shelter. It was a large mansion, of antique appearance, on the road-side, with an open waste plot of ground in front, that was once an inclosed courtyard. It had been in early times the residence of a family of great wealth and respectability in that part of the country, now extinct, but for the last half century had been used as an inn. The apartment into which the lady was shewn still retained some traces of its former importance; the most striking of which was a large piece of tapestry, now moth-eaten and in colours nearly faded away, which covered one side of the room. The furniture, though not so ancient, had nothing about it of modern fashion. It was in this room the lady was destined to fret her hour in anxious expectation that the storm would soon subside, and allow her to pursue her journey. After sitting a short time, she rose from her tall, straight-backed chair, and traversed the floor with an impatient and hurried step. At almost every turn she would go to the window and look out, but the density of the atmosphere prevented all external observation; she could only hear the howling of the wind, and the pattering of the rain upon the glass, as if determined to force its way through; she would then resume her pace, stopping short occasionally—at one moment to view the old clumsy furniture of the room, at another to contemplate the tapestry, now so worn and defaced by time, that, of the design originally wrought upon it, nothing could be traced with certainty, except the portrait of a man erect, at full length, holding in his hand something like a truncheon, or a roll of parchment. After an hour spent in this state of painful suspense and agitation, she rang the bell for her servant. On his making his appearance, addressing him hastily, she said,—

"Dennis, is the weather likely to clear up? the storm is too violent to last long—I am impatient to proceed."

"Madam," answered Dennis, with all the gravity of a natural philosopher, "I never saw a storm so determined to last, in all my life. It pours as if heaven and earth were coming together, and I think it grows worse and worse every moment."

"Is that, then, your opinion, Dennis?" replied the lady.

"It is indeed, madam!" said Dennis; "and were it to abate so much as to enable you to proceed, should it come on violently again, which you would have reason to fear, there is no house upon the road where you could take refuge for the night, and your life would be exposed to the greatest danger."

"Very well," said the lady, as after a pause, she resumed her seat upon the tall, straight-backed chair; "if it must be so, I must be content to remain where I am: send the waiter to me, and look to the carriage and horses."

Dennis made his bow, and obsequiously withdrew.

The room had not even the luxury of a carpet, and, to aggravate her disappointment, she could not avoid contrasting it, and all the other unpleasant circumstances of her condition, with the splendid room, the festive board, and friendly greeting from which she was debarred for the night. This was a state of things not likely to improve the temper of a woman fond of attention, and partial to the good things of this world, particularly when they can be enjoyed without expense.

The waiter had now made his appearance: addressing him, not in the mildest tone, she said,—

"What can I have for dinner?"

"Any thing you please, my lady," answered the waiter.

"No, that I cannot!" she replied, sharply; "I might ask for twenty things, and you would have none of them. I suppose however, I can have a chicken and bacon, with a few greens; but mind, let the bacon be streaky, and the greens not as yellow as a kite's foot."

The waiter having made his respectful bow, her attention was directed to another matter of not less importance. She was attended to her bedchamber by the chambermaid, who underwent a long and searching interrogatory, to all of which she gave the most minute and satisfactory answers. The sheets, she declared, had only come home from the wash that morning, and had been hanging ever since in the kitchen, before a blazing fire. As for the bed, it had been slept upon every previous night in the week. On Monday night by Sir George and Lady Clermont, on their way to Doncaster Races; on Tuesday night by the young and lovely daughter of Sir John Singleton, on their way to the north; and on Wednesday by Miss Elliot, the great heiress, on her way to the south, to take possession of her estates in Hampshire. The lady, apparently pleased with the report made by the chambermaid, ordered her trunk into the room, from which she took such articles of dress as were required for the night, and, having given the maid some further directions, she returned to her apartment below stairs, where she occupied herself as before, pacing the room and viewing the old tapestry, until the arrival of the chicken, bacon, and greens, on which she made a hearty dinner, notwithstanding the grievous disappointment she had suffered; for medical men assert that anxiety is unfriendly to the stomach, and that a healthful state of mind wonderfully assists a healthful state of body in producing a good appetite. The waiter now attending to draw the cloth, the lady ordered a pint of port.

"My lady," answered the waiter, "we have no wine on draught, nor a pint bottle, full or empty, in the house."

"Come, come," replied the lady, somewhat impatiently, "I shall not listen to such nonsense. Do you think I will accommodate myself to an extortionate innkeeper, and have it reported that I drank a whole bottle of port after my dinner? go, tell your master to send a pint of port immediately."

The waiter having delivered the message, the landlord exclaimed,—

"She shall have a bottle, and nothing less, although I had a thousand pint

bottles of port in my cellar. She is well known upon the road, and can no more live without her wine after dinner than a fish out of water. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good; I may thank the storm, not her, for her company. She has been passing my door these seven years, and it may be seven more years before I shall be favoured with another visit. The lady must order a bottle or do without any.'

"The waiter, on his return to the room, had only to repeat the answer which he had already given.

"The lady, after some further remonstrance, said, in a subdued tone—

"Why not open a bottle, and let me have half of it?"

"That, my lady," replied the waiter, "is impossible; the other half would be lost, no customer would drink it. He would say it was only the dregs and drainings of decanters, and consider himself insulted."

"What was now to be done? the lady had not dined once during the last thirty years without her wine—fatigue and the loneliness of her situation made it now more particularly desirable. Having sat for some time striving to reconcile herself to a privation so new and unexpected, she felt the struggle only aggravated her discomfort, and the want of a glass of port became every moment more intolerable. So, suppressing the resentment excited by the insolence of the landlord—for such she considered his conduct in refusing to send her a pint of port as ordered—she called for a bottle, observing that what she left of it should be mulled on her going to bed; it would compose her to sleep.

"When the solitary traveller, seated at his inn, is at a loss for occupation nothing is more usual with him than taking out his purse and beginning to count his money: it is, indeed, a course which, in his situation, prudence alone would suggest. It must be satisfactory to be certain that his money is all right, for no situation can be conceived more deplorable than that of the traveller at his inn unable to pay his way. For one or both of these reasons it may be presumed, the lady, when drinking her wine, did not forget to take out her purse, and begin to count her money. She did so. Putting her hand into her purse, and grasping its whole contents, she let the guineas drop deliberately one by one, in single files, through her fingers, until they reached the bottom. After a pause, the operation was repeated, but the expression of her countenance shewed the result to be unsatisfactory. The purse was now emptied upon the table. Its contents had been subjected to the sense of feeling: they were now to be tried by the sight, but, as the experiment proved, with no better result. The amount did not exactly correspond with her calculation. Some item of expense on the road was forgotten, or there must have been some casual loss, a mistake somewhere.

"Hamlet says, 'My father! I think I see my father!' to which Horatio answers, 'Where, my lord?' and Hamlet replies, 'In my mind's eye, Horatio;' thus implying, that the memory is the eye of the mind, the mental organ of vision. It may be, therefore, observed, that individuals, when perplexed and seeking to resolve the puzzle, are accustomed to raise their eyes, not that they expect to find the solution painted or written upon the ceiling. No; for, were there no ceiling, they would as certainly look up to the sky, and for this reason—the memory is seated in the brain, which being the storehouse in which the solution sought for lies concealed, it is natural that the eye should take that direction. The association of ideas so inclines it, and there is no contending power to counteract the movement, and turn it any other way. That, then, in the case of difficulty here described the lady should look up appears perfectly natural: it is instinct. Still puzzled with her purse, she did look up; and, as she raised her eyes, they glanced inadvertently across the tapestry. Great, then, must have been her surprise on perceiving the late dead, dull eye of the portrait in the faded tapestry, animated and shining bright upon her. A delicate young female in such a situation would, doubtless scream out or faint away, but the lady was a woman of strong mind and firm nerve. Surprised, not frightened, she betrayed no emotion, but, withdrawing her eyes from the ceiling and fixing them on the table, she continued to count her money as before, apparently with all the seeming devotion of the abbess of a nunnery counting her beads at the shrine of her saint.

"The prejudging which, in days of yore, prevailed against ugly, old women, appears to have extended itself to unsightly old houses, particularly if in a crazy and decrepit state. A dismal, old, solitary mansion, of ruinous aspect, might consider itself fortunate if it escaped the character of being haunted. The cracks and flaws in its front, as the wrinkles in the case of the old woman, tried for witchcraft, were held, *prima facie*, evidence of the charge of haunted; and should the structure present any traces of Saxon or Norman architecture, the neighbours, in the depth of their ignorance and credulity, connecting it with the dark, troubled, and lawless times, never failed to represent it the nightly abode of perturbed spirits, the ghosts of robbers, murderers, or their innocent victims—the ghost of a man with his throat cut, or of a lady dressed in white, with a face deadly pale to correspond, approaching the bedside and drawing the curtains, as if to warn the sleeper away, shadowy representatives of the unfortunate sufferers in the deeds of pillage and violence of which it was once the scene.

"A prejudice, of the kind above described, had long prevailed against the inn which constituted the scene of the present story; and it had not escaped the ears of the lady now sitting under its roof, whose friends resided in the neighbourhood; but she had too much sense and intelligence to treat it as any thing better than an idle tale, a silly, vulgar rumour. It happens, however, that the subject of an evil report will suffer in the conduct of strangers, who entirely disbelieve it, but cannot divest themselves of the association of ideas which its presence necessarily suggests; and this may account for the circumstance of the lady having never stopped at the inn before. With the altered appearance of the portrait in the tapestry, as she withdrew her eyes from the ceiling, the story of the haunted house, for the first time since she had entered it, occurred to her mind, but, after a while, it was dismissed as unworthy of serious notice. Besides, the fashionable hour of visiting, observed among ghosts and goblins, had not yet arrived; it was not midnight; it was only ten o'clock. How, then, was the vision of the two bright, staring eyes, in the tapestry, to be accounted for? Could it be only a phantom, the work of imagination? She had no experience in such false impressions, and felt too much confidence in the soundness of her mind and the correctness of her senses, to be disposed to consider it, however extraordinary, as the mere creation of fancy: she, therefore, resolved to take another glance at the portrait, not so much in expectation of finding her first impression a mistake, as the anticipation of having it fully confirmed. With this view, she again raised her eyes to the ceiling, but still appearing to be occupied with her purse, as if counting her money. Affecting an expression of countenance as if apparently absorbed in thought, she let fall her eyes from the ceiling, but, while withdrawing them, contrived to obtain a glance at the tapestry. The glance, however oblique, was sufficient to confirm the original impression.

There stood the eyes of the portrait fixed and staring upon her. It was no mistake, no phantom; and so strongly was her imagination hitherto unsusceptible, excited, that she almost fancied the whole portrait shewed signs of life. Presuming that the tapestry hung at a distance from the wall to allow a man to stand between them, she now felt herself, as in reality she was, in the presence of a wretch, who had placed himself there with a criminal intent, a robber or a murderer, who, if he thought he was discovered, might instantly pounce upon her and perpetrate his crime, while she had no means of relief or hope of assistance; for the portrait being nearer to the door than the chair on which she sat, the villain could, in a rush to it, prevent her departure and control all her movements. This was a dreadful state for a female—a state to try the nerves of the stoutest man. She felt it was with her a case of life or death. In this awful extremity her fortitude and presence of mind did not forsake her. As if the solution of the puzzle, in which she was engaged, had suddenly suggested itself to her mind, she threw the purse from her hand out upon the table, exclaiming, in a voice loud enough to be heard behind the tapestry, 'Oh! now I recollect, Dennis can tell me!' With these words she rose from her chair, and, with apparently perfect composure, proceeded deliberately to the door, and left the room. Her coolness and affected indifference about her money had the desired effect, the wretch, whose eyes had been fixed upon her, concluding that she had made no discovery to alarm her or operate to his disadvantage.

"The room which she had quitted was situated nearly at the end of a long passage remote from the part of the house occupied by the family. On closing the door after her, and gaining the passage, the fortitude which she displayed in the immediate presence of danger was greatly shaken—she trembled from head to foot, and it was with difficulty she could support herself by leaning against the wall. In a little time, however, she recovered herself, and was on the point of proceeding to inquire for her servant, when the landlord made his appearance in the passage as if coming from the neighbourhood of her room. He was exceedingly officious, and wished to know what she wanted. Being informed, he departed quickly on his errand in the most obliging and attentive manner. As he turned away from her, a suspicion arose in her mind that he was the identical individual who had contrived to place himself behind the tapestry, to which he might have some secret mode of access. The trusty Dennis now joined her, and accompanied by him, she returned to her room, the door of which she had never lost sight of for a moment. Before her entrance into it, her eyes were directed nearly at the same instant to the portrait in the tapestry, and her purse on the table. The purse was exactly as she left it. The state of the tapestry was materially changed. The bright, staring eyes, that glared in the head of the portrait, had fled, and the two dead, sightless orbs, contemplated on her first entrance into the room, had resumed their places. A smart rap of his knuckles, made by Dennis upon the tapestry, produced another discovery. It ascertained, that the partition was a wainscot, and that the tapestry closely adhered to it. The lady's opinion of the position of the tapestry, as admitting a space between it and the partition was thus found erroneous, and the discovery could not fail to dispel any apprehensions of danger which she might have possibly entertained on her return to her room. Determined, however, to investigate the mystery to the bottom, pursuing the inquiry, she ordered Dennis to mount a chair and examine the head of the portrait. Dennis was a stout, muscular man, of proved courage and fidelity. He was free from fear himself, and his presence served to banish it from others; and, on the present occasion, it did not fail to confirm the confidence which his mistress felt in herself. The earnestness, however, which she evinced in her search, and her order to mount the chair, struck him as something mysterious, and powerfully excited his curiosity; but the lady, though a good and considerate mistress, was a woman of peremptory spirit, who expected a prompt obedience, and he knew her character, as well as his own duty, too well, to presume to ask any questions. He accordingly mounted the chair without hesitation, and his attention having been directed to the head of the portrait, he pressed his hand against the face. The tapestry on this spot yielded to the pressure. He found that a portion of the wainscot, behind the head, had been removed, and that the sockets of the eyes, wrought in the portrait, had been cut closely round by some fine edged instrument, except a little strip which, acting as a hinge, enabled a person, standing behind the partition, to draw them back and restore them to their proper places at pleasure. Here the examination of the room closed; but the lady soon after learned, on inquiry, that, on the same side of the passage, there was a little closet, used by the landlord as a counting room, or depot for his money, books, and papers, into which no other person was ever allowed to enter, and that this closet was only divided by the partition with the tapestry from the room she occupied. The mystery was now completely solved. The suspicions of the lady were fully confirmed. There could be no doubt now the eyes of the portrait were real eyes, the eyes of the landlord himself, and that he was capable of meditating an attempt upon her property, perhaps her life. The storm, however, continued to rage, and it was too late to venture upon a change of quarters. Besides, if an attack were really meditated, a removal at that unreasonable hour, would only furnish an opportunity for carrying it, with greater certainty, into effect. After due deliberation, she, therefore, determined to remain where she was for the night.

"However satisfied the lady might now be with respect to the state of the room, it may be presumed she felt no inclination to remain in it a moment longer than might be thought necessary to avoid any suspicion of the important discovery which she had made. The chamber, assigned to her servant, Dennis, was only at a short distance from her own, and, having communicated to him her apprehensions, she instructed him to use all due diligence, and be on the alert in the event of any alarm or symptoms of danger in the course of the night. She then returned to her chamber; and the maid having been summoned to attend her, a new series of interrogatories was propounded, all of which were answered in the most satisfactory manner. The domestic attendant being now dismissed, the lady locked the door, and commenced a fresh investigation. The room was found to present every appearance of security calculated to inspire confidence. The walls and the door were uncommonly strong, and a strong iron bolt on the latter gave further promise of safety. The bed and every other part of the furniture, that could possibly contain matter of actual fear or suspicion, were successively examined minutely; and the continuance of the storm having afforded a pretence for keeping the fire and candle burning during the night, wrapping herself up in her large travelling cloak, she resigned the comforts of a warm bed for the accommodation of an old rickety arm-chair, placed at a safe distance in front of the grate. The night, however passed away without any incident to excite alarm; but, anxious to conceal her suspicions from the inmates of the house, soon after daylight she ventured to lie down in bed, where, compensating herself for her uneasy and unsatisfactory rest in the arm-chair, she slept soundly until an ad-

vanced hour of the morning. She then rose and breakfasted, and was in the act of departure when the friend, at whose house she had been expected, fearing she might have met with some accident in the storm of the preceding night arrived in his carriage and escorted her to his seat.

"The mystery in which the robbery of the boot was involved now begins to clear away. The traveller who owned it had slept at the identical inn, and supped in the identical tapestry-room which was the scene of the lady's adventure. He had on his arrival, called for a boot-jack, but the man, who attended with it, was immediately dismissed, the traveller undertaking to perform its office for himself. The landlord was now in his watch-tower, his prying-place, behind the tapestry, from whence he observed his guest, while he drew off his boot, take out of it a small packet, and put it carefully into his pocket. The boot was taken from the right leg, and the landlord, concluding that the contents of the little parcel were valuable, and that his guest would continue to use the same precaution on the rest of his journey, he next morning waylaid and robbed him soon after his departure from the inn; and, doubtless, a similar fate awaited the lady, had it not been prevented by the opportune arrival of her friend. The character of the landlord had long suffered in the neighbourhood, and the adventure of the lady, now become public, served to confirm the suspicions of which he was the subject. Several outrages had been committed recently at no great distance from his house, in which he was suspected to have been concerned. His business fell off, and his difficulties increasing with its decline, he was more closely watched, and becoming more desperate, he was apprehended in the act of robbing a traveller on the high way, tried for the offence, convicted, and executed in pursuance of his sentence."

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

MRS. CAUDLE THINKS IT "HIGH TIME" THAT THE CHILDREN SHOULD HAVE SUMMER CLOTHING.

There, Caudle! If there's anything in the world I hate—and you know it—it is asking you for money. I am sure, for myself, I'd rather go without a thing a thousand times, and I do—the more shame for you to let me, but—there, now? there you fly out again! *What do I want now?* Why, you must know what's wanted, if you'd any eyes—or any pride for your children, like any other father. *What's the matter—and what am I drinking at?* Oh, nonsense, Caudle! As if you didn't know! I'm sure if I'd any money of my own, I'd never ask you for a farthing; never; it's painful to me, goodness knows! What do you say? *If it's painful, why so often do it?* Ha! I suppose you call that a joke—one of your club jokes? I wish you'd think a little more of people's feelings, and less of your jokes. Ha! as I say, I only wish I'd any money of my own. If there is anything that humbles a poor woman, it is coming to a man's pocket for every farthing. It's dreadful!

"Now, Caudle, if ever you kept awake, you shall keep awake to-night—yes, you shall hear me, for it isn't often I speak, and then you may go to sleep as soon as you like. Pray do you know what month it is? And did you see how the children looked at church to-day—like nobody else's children? *What was the matter with them?* Oh, Caudle! How can you ask? Poor things! weren't they all in their thick merinos, and beaver bonnets? What do you say—*What of it?* What! you'll tell me that you didn't see how the Briggs's girls, in their new chips, turned their noses up at 'em? And you didn't see how the Browns looked at the Smiths, and then at our dear girls, as much as to say, 'Poor creatures! what figures for the month of May!' *You didn't see it?* The more shame for you—you would, if you'd had the feelings of a parent—but I'm sorry to say, Mr. Caudle, you haven't. I'm sure those Briggs's girls—the little minxes!—put me into such a pucker, I could have pulled their ears for 'em over the pew. What do you say? *I ought to be ashamed of myself to own it?* No, Mr. Caudle; the shame lies with you, that don't let your children appear at church like other people's children, that make 'em uncomfortable at their devotions, poor things! for how can it be otherwise, when they see themselves dressed like nobody else?

"Now, Caudle, it's no use talking; those children shall not cross over the threshold next Sunday, if they haven't things for the summer. Now mind—they shan't; and there's an end of it. I won't have 'em exposed to the Briggses and the Browns again: no, they shall know they have a mother, if they've no father to feel for 'em. What do you say, Caudle? *A good deal I must think of church, if I think so much of what we go in?* I only wish you thought as much as I do, you'd be a better man than you are, Caudle, I can tell you; but that's nothing to do with it. I'm talking about decent clothes for the children for the summer, and you want to put me off with something about the church; but that's so like you, Caudle!

"*I'm always wanting money for clothes?* How can you lie in bed and say that? I'm sure there's no children in the world that cost their father so little: but that's it; the less a poor woman does upon, the less she may. It's the wives who don't care where the money comes from who're best thought of. Oh, if my time was to come over again, would I mend and stitch, and make the things go so far as I have done? No—that I wouldn't. Yes, it's very well for you to lie there and laugh; it's easy to laugh, Caudle—very easy, to people who don't feel.

"Now, Caudle, dear! What a man you are! I know you'll give me the money, because, after all, I think you love your children, and like to see 'em well dressed. It's only natural that a father should. Eh, Caudle, eh? Now, you shan't go to sleep till you've told me. *How much money do I want?* Why, let me see, love. There's Caroline, and Jane, and Susanah, and Mary Anne, and—What do you say? *I needn't count 'em, you know how many there are?* Ha! that's just as you take me up. Well, how much money will it take? Let me see; and don't go to sleep. I'll tell you in a minute. You love to see the dear things like new pins, I know that, Caudle; and though I say it—bless their little hearts!—they do credit to you, Caudle. Any nobleman of the land might be proud of 'em. Now, don't swear at noblemen of the land, and ask me what they've to do with your children; you know what I meant. But you are so hasty, Caudle.

"*How much?* Now, don't be in a hurry? Well, I think, with good pinching—and you know, Caudle, there's never a wife who can pinch closer than I can—I think, with pinching, I can do with twenty pounds. What did you say? *Twenty fiddlesticks?* What? *You won't give half the money?* Very well, Mr. Caudle; I don't care: let the children go in rags; let them stop from church, and grow up like heathens and cannibals, and then you'll save your money, and, I suppose, be satisfied. *You gave me twenty pounds five months ago?* What's five months ago to do with now? Besides, what I have had is nothing to do with it.

"What do you say? *Ten pounds are enough?* Yes; just like you men; you think things cost nothing for women; but you don't care how much

you lay out upon yourselves. *They only want bonnets and frocks?* How do you know what they want? How should a man know anything at all about it? And you won't give more than ten pounds. Very well. Then you may go shopping with it yourself, and see what *you'll* make it. I'll have none of your ten pounds, I can tell you. No, sir,—no; you have no cause to say that. *I don't want to dress the children up like countesses?* You often fling that in my teeth, you do; but you know it's false, Caudle; you know it. I only want to give 'em proper notions of themselves: and what, indeed, can the poor things think when they see the Briggses, and the Browns, and the Smiths—and their fathers don't make the money you do, Caudle—when they see them as fine as tulips? Why, they must think themselves nobody; and to think yourself nobody,—depend upon it, Caudle,—isn't the way to make the world think anything of you.

"What do you say? *Where did I pick up that?* Where do you think? I know a great deal more than you suppose—yes; though you don't give me credit for it. Husbands seldom do. However, the twenty pounds I will have, if I've any—or not a farthing.

"No, sir, no. *I don't want to dress up the children like peacocks and parrots!* I only want to make 'em respectable and—what do you say? *You'll give fifteen pounds?* No, Caudle, no—not a penny will I take under twenty; if I did, it would seem as if I wanted to waste your money; and I'm sure, when I come to think of it, twenty pounds will hardly do. Still, if you'll give me twenty—no, it's no use you offering fifteen, and wanting to go to sleep. You shan't close an eye until you promise the twenty. Come, Caudle, love!—twenty, and then you may go to sleep. Twenty—twenty—twenty—"

"My impression is," writes Caudle in his comments, "that I fell asleep, sticking firmly to the fifteen; but in the morning Mrs. Caudle assured me, as a woman of honor, that she wouldn't let me wink an eye, before I promised the twenty; and man is frail—and woman is strong—she had the money."

MR. CAUDLE HAS AGAIN STAYED OUT LATE—MRS. CAUDLE, AT FIRST INJURED AND INDIGNANT, MELTS.

Perhaps, Mr. Caudle, you'll tell me where this is to end! Though, goodness knows, I needn't ask that. The end is plain enough. Out—out—out! Every night—every night! I'm sure men who can't come home at reasonable hours have no business with wives; they have no right to destroy other people, if they choose to go to destruction themselves. Ha, lord! Oh, dear! I only hope none of my girls will ever marry—I hope they'll none of them ever be the slavetheir poor mother is: they shan't if I can help it. What do you say? *Nothing?* Well, I don't wonder at that, Mr. Caudle; you ought to be ashamed to speak; I don't wonder that you can't open your mouth. I'm only astonished that at such hours you have the confidence to knock at your own door. Though I'm your wife, I must say it, I do sometimes wonder at your impudence. What do you say? *Nothing?* Ha! you are an aggravating creature; lying there like the mummy of a man, and never as much as opening your lips to one. Just as if your wife wasn't worth answering! It isn't so when you're out, I'm sure. Oh no! then you can talk fast enough; here, there's no getting a word from you—and you know it.

"Out—out every night? What? *You haven't been out this week before?* That's nothing at all to do with it. You might just as well be out all the week as once—just! And I should like to know what could keep you out till these hours? *Business!* Oh, yes—I dare say? Pretty business a married man and the father of a family must have out of doors at one in the morning. What? *I shall drive you mad?* Oh, no; you haven't feelings enough to go mad—you'd be a better man, Caudle, if you had. *Will I listen to you?* What's the use? Of course you've some story to put me off with—you can all do that and laugh at us afterwards.

"No, Caudle, don't say that. I'm not always trying to find fault—not I. It's you. I never speak but when there's occasion; and what in my time I've put up with, there isn't anybody in the world that knows. *Will I listen to your story?* Oh, you may tell it if you please; go on: only mind, I shan't believe a word of it. I'm not such a fool as other women are, I can tell you. There, now—don't begin to swear—but go on—"

"—And that's your story, is it? That's your excuse for the hours you keep! That's your excuse for undermining my health and ruining your family! What do you think your children will say of you when they grow up?—Going and throwing away your money upon good-for-nothing pot-house acquaintance! *He's not a pot-house acquaintance?* Who is he, then? Come, you haven't told me that; but I know—it's that Prettymen! Yes—to be sure it is! Upon my life! Well, if I've hardly patience to lie in the bed! I've wanted a silver teapot these five years, and you must go and throw away as much money as—what? *You haven't thrown it away?* Haven't you? Then my name is not Margaret, that's all I know!

"A man get's arrested, and because he's taken from his wife and family, you must go and trouble your head with it! And you must be mixing yourself up with nasty sheriff's officers—pah! I'm sure you're not fit to enter a decent house—and go running from lawyer to lawyer to get bail, and settle the business, as you call it! A pretty settlement you'll make of it—mark my words! Yes—and to mend the matter, to finish it quite, you must be one of the bail! That any man who isn't a fool should do such a thing for another! Do you think any body would do as much for you? Yes? You say yes? Well, I only wish—just to show that I'm right—I only wish you were in a condition to try 'em. You'd find the difference—that you would.

"What's other people's affairs to you? If you were locked up, depend upon it, there's not a soul would come near you. No; it's all very fine now, when people think there isn't a chance of your being in trouble—but I should only like to see what they would say to you if you were in a sponging-house. Yes, I should enjoy that, just to show you that I'm always right. What do you say? *You think better of the world?* Ha! that would be all very well if you could afford it; but you're not in means, I know, to think so well of people as all that. And of course they only laugh at you. 'Caudle's an easy fool,' they cry—I know it as well as if I heard 'em—'Caudle's an easy fool—anybody may lead him.' Yes—anybody but his own wife, and she—of course—is nobody.

"And now, everybody that's arrested will of course send to you. Yes, Mr. Caudle, you'll have your hands full now, no doubt of it. You'll soon know every sponging house and every sheriff's officer in London. Your business will have to take care of itself; you'll have enough to do to run from lawyer to lawyer after the business of other people. Now, it's no use calling me a dear soul—not a bit! No; I shan't put it off till to-morrow. It isn't often I speak, but I will speak now.

"I wish that Prettymen had been at the bottom of the sea before—what?

It isn't Prettyman? Ha! it's very well for you to say so, but I know it is—it's just like him. He looks like a man that's always in debt—that's always in a sponging-house. Anybody might swear it. I knew it from the first time you brought him here—from the very night he put his nasty dirty wet boots upon my bright steel fender. Any woman could see what the fellow was in a minute. Prettyman! A pretty gentleman, truly, to be robbing your wife and family!

"Why couldn't you let him stop in the sponging—Now, don't call upon heaven in that way, and ask me to be quiet, for I won't. Why couldn't you let him stop there? He got himself in—he might have got himself out again. And you must keep me awake, break my sleep, my health, and for what you care, my peace of mind. Ha! everybody but you can see how I'm breaking. You can do all this while you're talking with a set of low bailiffs! A great deal you think of your children to go into a lawyer's office."

"And then you must be bail—you must be bound—for Mr. Prettyman! You may say, bound! Yes—you've your hands nicely tied, now. How he laughs at you—and serve you right! Why, in another week he'll be in the East Indies—of course he will! And you'll have to pay his debts; yes—your children may go in rags, so that Mr. Prettyman—what do you say? *It isn't Mr. Prettyman?* I know better. Well, if it isn't Prettyman that's kept you out—if it isn't Prettyman you're bailed for, who is it then? I ask, who is it then? What? *My brother!—Brother Tom?* Oh, Caudle! dear Caudle—"

"It was too much for the poor soul," says Caudle; "she sobbed as if her heart would break, and I"—and here the MS. is blotted, as though Caudle himself had dropped tears as he wrote.

THOMAS HOOD

Died on Saturday morning. A spirit of true philanthropy has departed from its earthly tenement; the light of a curious and peculiar wit has been extinguished; the feeling and pathos of a natural poet have descended into the grave; and let those who knew, admired, and loved these qualities feel and deplore the loss of him in whom they were so pre-eminently united.

Yet we can hardly say that we lament his death. Poor Hood! his sportive humour, like the rays from a crackling fire in a dilapidated building, had long played among the fractures of a ruined constitution, and flashed upon the world through the flaws and rents of a shattered wreck. Yet infirm as was the fabric, the equal mind was never disturbed to the last. He contemplated the approach of death with a composed philosophy and a resigned soul. It had no terrors for him. A short while ago we sat for hours by his bed-side in general and cheerful conversation, as when in social and healthful intercourse. Then he spoke of the certain and unavoidable event about to take place with perfect unreserve, untroubled calmness; and the lesson and example *how to die* was never given in a more impressive and consolatory manner than by Thomas Hood. His bodily sufferings had made no change in his mental character. He was the same as in his publications—at times lively and jocular, at times serious and affecting; and upon the one great subject of a death-bed hope, he declared himself, as throughout life, opposed to canters and hypocrites,—a class he had always detested and written against; while he set the highest price upon sincere Christianity, whose works of charity and mercy bore witness to the integrity and purity of the faith professed. "Our common friend," he said, "Mrs. E—, I love; for she is a truly religious, and not a pious, woman." He seemed anxious that his sentiments on the momentous question should not be misrepresented; and that his animosity against the pretended should not be misconstrued into a want of just estimation for the real.

Another subject upon which he dwelt with much earnestness and gratitude, was the grant of a pension of £100 a year to his wife. "There is, after all," he observed, "much of good to counterbalance the bad in this world. I have now a better opinion of it than I once had, when pressed by wrongs and injuries" [of these he spoke, but they are not for public notice]. Two autograph letters from Sir Robert Peel relating to this pension gave him intense gratification, and were indeed most honourable to the heart of the writer, whose warmth in the expression of personal solicitude for himself and his family, and of admiration for his productions (with which Sir Robert seemed to be well acquainted) we firmly believe imparted more delight to the dying man than even the prospect that those so dear to him would not be left destitute. In his answer to the minister's first communication he had alluded to the tendency of his writings ever being on the side of humanity and order, and not of the modern school to separate society into two classes, the rich and poor, and to inflame hatred on one side, and fear on the other. This avowal appeared, from the reply, which acknowledged its truth, to have been very acceptable to the premier, from whom the gift had emanated.

We have thought that these particulars might possess an interest for our readers, and that, at least at the present period, a list and notice of Hood's works, so well and so generally known, would not be expected. As they have issued from the press we have always found a pleasure in pointing out their various merits and beauties, the idiosyncrasy of their humorous features, the touching tenderness of their more natural effusions. The smile and the sigh were ever blended together; the laugh at the grotesque idea and whimsical imagination (rarely seeing objects as other people saw them), and the tear which must flow over such pathetic narratives as *Eugene Aram* or the *Old Elm Coffin*. Without a parallel and original as Hood was in the ludicrous, his more enduring fame will rest on the exquisitely humane and simply compassionate. There was no force or affectation in his efforts to serve his fellow creatures—they were spontaneous and passionate; and all the art of picturesque and descriptive power bestowed upon them was but appropriate and congenial ornament, neither covering nor concealing the rich stream of benevolence which flowed in the depths below. His most cynical sparklings emanated from a kind heart; they were fireworks which revolved in many a quaint and brilliant device, but burnt or injured none. He could not help the droll conceit and dazzling sally; but the love of kind predominated throughout and over all.

Mr. Hood was the son of the respectable publisher and bookseller of that name, long a partner in the firm of Vernor and Hood, Poultry, which is seen inscribed on many a title-page, some forty and fifty years ago. He has left a widow and two children, a son and a daughter, both inheriting much of his talent; and likely, we trust, to be more prosperous in the world than all his genius could make their parent.

THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

Notwithstanding all the "usual severity" of the beginning of an English summer, we braved the climate this week to take a farewell look at our dear old friends the *Erebus* and *Terror*, now leaving the shores of Britain for the

Arctic Seas. It rejoices us to say that they seem well prepared, as far as human providence and experience, backed by a liberal government, may assure us, against every contingency that can arise to impede a successful survey, a comfortable ark, and a safe and happy return. The vessels have an ample supply of provisions for two years; and they are accompanied to a high latitude by a transport laden with more; so that when they reach the entrance (as it were) of their undertaking, they will, from her stores, replenish all they have expended, and more,—for the tanks for the water consumed in their voyage so far will afford them room to stow away a larger quantity than when they sailed from the Thames. We need not tell our readers that there is snow enough in the polar regions to serve for water!

We have mentioned this circumstance because the space occupied by a new engineering apparatus, used now for the first time in such an expedition, has led many to fancy that it might interfere with the carriage of sufficient stores. This is not the case; and the sacrifice, though great, will we trust, be amply repaid by the facilities and power derived from the propelling screws. A trial was made by Mr. Field, of Maudsley's house, a few days ago, and the vessel, with 80 revolutions a minute, went at the rate of 3.6 knots an hour; with a greater force of steam put on, she made 4 knots, as was agreed by approximation,—a fouling of the log-line having prevented an exact ascertainment of the speed. Now this is a great advantage to gain, and, as we have said, must be worthy the sacrifice of nine feet athwart the middle and best part of the ship, and the rest which is occupied in carrying the machinery aft to the propeller in the stern; where it is placed just before the rudder. The well in which it acts appeared to us to be very deep: in the *Erebus*, we were told, 16 feet. When in motion, what will the whales think of it!

With the exception of the arrangement for this new power, the tough old ships are exactly as we saw them before they ventured on the Antarctic Ocean, where they had infinitely greater perils to encounter than any dangers that can beset them in the more limited Arctic Seas. The chief difficulties of the latter have always arisen from the impossibility of working to windward among the tortuous floes and breaks in the ice through which it was desirable to penetrate. But the propeller will enable the ships to take advantage of every opening to pursue their course; and in the same hour they may be going east, west, north, and south, regardless of the breeze. This, we understand, is most important; for with westerly winds the weather is most clear and the ice broken up, and the voyagers have often seen open water beyond a certain barrier, through the channels of which if they could have sailed, the rest seemed to be easy and unimpeded. This will no longer be dependent on the weather. The vessels have fuel for twelve days, which, at the rate we have mentioned, would carry them eight or nine hundred miles! but with the addition of flubber, old casks, and other lumber, they might be able to double this quantum; and it is unnecessary to remark what a power of progress over even one hundred miles is in an enterprise of this kind, and in the midst of the usual obstacles which are opposed to its advance.

Having described the equipment of the ships and the happy prospect it holds out, we have farther to state that the complement of each is—the *Erebus*, Captain Sir John Franklin, *sixty-eight*; and the *Terrible*, Captain Crozier, *sixty-seven*, including engineers. Of these officers it would be folly to say a word in the way of panegyric. They are both tried in both hemispheres, and laudation and honours have followed their exertions wherever they have been. They are fit leaders for such an enterprise—of the noble class of the most quiet, cool, determined, frank, gallant, experienced, considerate, and undaunted officers of the British navy—let the world match such characters if it can! With Sir John Franklin the commander, in the *Erebus*, are:

Commander Fitzgerald.
Lieutenants Gore, Le Vicount, and Fairholm.
Surgeon Stanley, and Assistant-Surgeon Goodsir.
Purser Osmer
Three mates, Devereux and two others; a Second Master, and Ice-master Reid.
Under Capt. Crozier, in the *Terror*, are:—
Lieutenants Little, Hodson, and Irving.
Mates Hornby, Thomas.
Surgeon Peddie, and Assistant-Surgeon Macdonald.
Second Master M'Bean, and Ice-master Blankey.

It is curious to remark that none of the officers of the Antarctic Expedition accompany this. The lieutenants, being promoted, were not eligible for the service; and of their juniors, we were informed, nearly every one was scattered over the Continent, or engaged or travelling far from home. We know, when they did return, how desirous they were for another "trip."

Among the things we saw on our visit, the marvellously clever and conjuror-like mode of packing a thousand necessary articles in the smallest conceivable compass, we were amused with the cooking-apparatus. The contrivance for turning the snow into a constant supply of water is almost worthy of the inventor of the steam engine; but the tubes or pipes for heating the lower decks—and, indeed, all the conveniences for sleeping, eating, and clothing—are cheering to behold. There is a snugness about the whole which seems to baffle defiance to the darkness of the longest night and the fierceness of the worst of weather. For the observations of science, like pains have been taken; and we feel assured not only that every meteorological phenomenon will be accurately ascertained, but that even if a Red Lion should cross the paths of our naturalists, we shall have a good account of it.

Literary Gazette.

SIBYL: OR THE TWO NATIONS.

Sibyl: or The Two Nations. By B. Disraeli, M.P., author of "Coningsby." 3 vols. H. Colburn.

There is a critical difficulty in reviewing works of this description. We cannot but think them radically wrong in tone and spirit, and offences against society; and entertaining this opinion, we feel as if we should, to a certain degree, lapse into the same kind of error, if we were to speak of the author as he speaks, personally, with whom his position in life leads him to have intercourse and acquaintanceship. The question raised by publications of this new class is a very grave one; for it affects the whole system of social relations. Some years ago, when the novel-press was at its lowest ebb, the public was inundated with a series of low trashy books which purported to draw the characters and expose the vices of persons of some rank, and notorious for profligacy. After a very ephemeral run, they were scouted; and the only excuse that ever could be offered for them was, that they sprung from the necessities of needy scribblers, who knew nothing of the parties they held up to scorn from private access to their sphere, but merely got hold of some general scandal, and wrought it up for pay and subsistence. But in cases like the present there is a vast difference. The author is a gentleman of station and a member of parliament; and thus has access to the persons with whose names he makes free,

and to the circles in which they move. How far, then, it becomes necessary to inquire, are the conventional usages and understanding of gentlemanly life compromised by such a breach of all that has hitherto been thought essential to good company, and not conducive to Coventry? We may acknowledge that in the conventionalisms to which we refer there may be stupid or distasteful observances; but still, if all the rules were broken down, there would be an end of privacy and confidence, and every element of genial communion would be destroyed. Willis was severely censured for publishing merely favourable descriptions of noble houses into which he had been invited, and of their inmates. Then how stands our author with his political and individual and family pictures, most of them venomously satirical and cruelly bitter? We know not how it is considered by those with whom he is in the habit of associating; but we must say, we should not look for much of the pleasantness of friendly and candid intercommunication with our fellow-citizens were any thing sufficient to tempt us to pursue a similar course. Politics and the House seem to have rendered Mr. D. insensible to the bearings of this practice. Parliamentarily, honourable gentlemen are in the habit of using the saucy roughness reprehended by King Lear, and calling each other by very disagreeable names. But this is public, and public duty is alleged to over-master and absorb all personal considerations—the same as in free-and-easy clubs, members give the lie and abuse other member as rogues and vagabonds without being amenable to reproof. But the recesses of men's houses, and the appearance or conduct of their wives and daughters, offer no grounds on which to pardon the caricature of their follies, or the exposure of their improprieties. The place where we have eaten salt, and all that pertain to it, have ever been held sacred among gentlemen; and if it be Young England to burst these barriers, we confess we shall grievously lament the good old times!

The two nations are the *Rich and the Poor*; and the professed object of the Sibyl is to command attention to the sufferings of the latter, and denounce oligarchic hard-heartedness and aristocratic pride. In this line Douglas Jerrold is infinitely more forcible. His "St James and St. Giles," is a powerfully written story on the same topics; and he is more in earnest, less mocking, and has exceptions more just than the author before us. Here is one of the contrasts of the latter, as a sample:

"On the same night that Sibyl was encountering so many dangers, the saloons of Deloraine House blazed with a thousand lights to welcome the world of power and fashion to a festival of almost unprecedented magnificence. Fronting a royal park, in its long lines of illumined windows, and the burst of gay and fantastic music that floated from its walls, attracted the admiration and curiosity of another party that was assembled in the same fashionable quarter, beneath a canopy not less bright, and reclining on a couch scarcely less luxurious, for they were lit by the stars and reposed upon the grass. 'I say, Jim,' said a young genius of fourteen, stretching himself upon turf, 'I pity them ere jarvies a sitting on their boxes all the night, and waiting for the nob's what is dancing. They as no repose.' 'But they as porter,' replied his friend, a sedate spirit, with the advantage of an additional year or two of experience. 'They takes their pot of half-and-half by turns, and if their name is called, the link what they subscribe for to pay, sings out 'here;' and that's the way their guvners is done.' 'I think I should like to be a link, Jim,' said the young one. 'I wish you may get it,' was the response: 'It's the next best thing to a crossing: it's what every one looks to when he enters public life, but he soon finds 'taint to be done without a deal of interest. They keeps it to themselves, and never lets any one in unless he makes himself very troublesome, and gets up a party agin' em.' 'I wonder what the nob's has for supper,' said the young one, pensively; 'lots of kidneys, I dare say.' 'Oh! no; sweets is the time of day in these here blow-outs; syllabubs like blazes, and snap-dragon, as makes the flunkies quite pale.' 'I would thank you, sir, not to tread upon this child,' said a widow. She had three others with her, slumbering around, and this was the youngest, wrapt in her only shawl. 'Madam,' replied the person whom she addressed, in tolerable English, but with a marked accent, 'I have bivouacked in many lands, but never with so young a comrade: I beg you a thousand pardons.' 'Sir, you are very polite. These warm nights are a great blessing, but I am sure I know not what we shall do in the fall of the leaf.' 'Take no thought of the morrow,' said the foreigner, who was a Pole; 'had served as a boy beneath the suns of the Peninsula under Soult, and fought against Diebitsch on the banks of the icy Vistula; 'it brings many changes.' And arranging the cloak which he had taken that day out of pawn around him, he delivered himself up to sleep with that facility which is not uncommon among soldiers. Here broke out a brawl: two girls began fighting and blaspheming; a man immediately came up, chastised and separated them. 'I am the Lord Mayor of the night,' he said, 'and I will have no row here. 'Tis the like of you that makes the beaks threaten to expel us from our lodgings.' His authority seemed generally recognised, the girls were quiet, but they had disturbed a sleeping man, who roused himself, looked around him, and said with a scared look, 'Where am I? What's all this?' 'Oh! its nothin,' said the elder of the two lads we first noticed, 'only a couple of unfortunate gals who've prigg'd a watch from a cove what was lousy, and fell asleep under the trees between this and Kington.' 'I wish they had not waked me,' said the man; 'I walked as far as from Stokenchurch, and that's a matter of forty miles, this morning, to see if I could get some work, and went to bed here without any supper. I'm blessed if I worn't dreaming of a roast leg of pork.' 'It has not been a lucky day for me,' rejoined the lad; 'I could not find a single gentleman's horse to hold, so help me, except one what was at the House of Commons, and he kept me there two mortal hours, and said, when he came out, that he would remember me next time. I ain't tasted no vittals to-day, except some cat's meat and a cold potato what was given me by a cabman: but I have got a quid here, and if you are very low, I'll give you half.' In the mean time, Lord Valentine and the Princess Stephanie of Eurasberg, with some companions worthy of such a pair, were dancing a new mazurka before the admiring assembly at Deloraine House. The ball was in the statue gallery, illuminated on this night in the Russian fashion, which, while it diffused a brilliant light throughout the beautiful chamber, was peculiarly adapted to develop the contour of the marble forms of grace and loveliness that were ranged around. 'Where is Arabella?' inquired Lord Marney of his mother; 'I want to present young Huntingford to her. He can be of great use to me, but he bores me so, I cannot talk to him I want to present him to Arabella.' 'Arabella is in the blue drawing-room. I saw her just now with Mr. Jermyn and Charles Count Soudriaffsky is teaching them some Russian tricks.' 'What are Russian tricks to me? she must talk to young Huntingford; every thing depends on his working with me against the Cut-and-Come-again branch-line; they have refused me my compensation, and I am not going to have my estate cut up in ribbons without compensation.' 'My dear Lady Deloraine,' said Lady de Mowbray, 'how beautiful your gallery looks to-night! Certainly there is nothing in London that lights up so well.' 'Its greatest ornaments are its guests. I am charmed to see

Lady Joan looking so well.' 'You think so?' 'Indeed.' 'I wish—' and here Lady de Mowbray gave a smiling sigh. 'What do you think of Mr Mountchesney?' 'He is universally admired.' 'So every one says, and yet—' 'Well what do you think of the Dashville, Fitz?' said Mr. Berners to Lord Fitzheron, 'I saw you dancing with her.' 'I can't bear her: she sets up to be natural and is only rude; mistakes insolence for innocence; says every thing which comes to her lips, and thinks she is gay when she is only giddy.' 'Tis brilliant,' said Lady Joan to Mr Mountchesney. 'When you are here,' he murmured. 'And yet a ball in the gallery of art is not in my opinion in good taste. The associations which are suggested by sculpture are not festive. Repose is the characteristic of sculpture. Do not you think so?' 'Decidedly,' said Mr. Mountchesney; 'we danced in the gallery at Matfield this Christmas, and I thought all the time that a gallery is not the place for a ball; it is too long and too narrow.' Lady Joan looked at him, and her lip rather curled. 'I wonder if Valentine has sold that bay cob of his,' said Lord Milford to Lord Eugene de Vere. 'I wonder,' said Lord Eugene. 'I wish you would ask him, Eugene,' said Lord Milford; 'you understand, I don't want him to know I want it.' 'Tis such a bore to ask questions,' said Lord Eugene. 'Shall we carry Chichester?' asked Lady Firebrace of Lady St. Julians. 'Oh! do not speak to me ever again of the House of Commons,' she replied in a tone of affected despair; 'what use is winning our way by units? It may take years. Lord Protocol says that 'one is enough.' That Jamaica affair has really ended by greatly strengthening them.' 'I do not despair,' said Lady Firebrace; 'the unequivocal adhesion of the Duke of Fitz Aquitaine is a great thing. It gives us the northern division at a dissolution.' 'That is to say in five years, my dear Lady Firebrace. The country will be ruined before that.' 'We shall see. Is it a settled thing between Lady Joan and Mr. Mountchesney?' 'Not the slightest foundation. Lady Joan is a most sensible girl, as well as a most charming person and my dear friend. She is not in a hurry to marry, and quite right. If indeed Frederick were a little more steady—but nothing shall ever induce me to consent to his marrying her, unless I thought he was worthy of her.' 'You are such a good mother,' exclaimed Lady Firebrace, 'and such a good friend! I am glad to hear it is not true about Mr. Mountchesney.' 'If you could only help me, my dear Lady Firebrace, to put an end to that affair between Frederick and Lady Wallington. It is so silly and getting talked about; and in his heart too he really loves Lady Joan; only he is scarcely aware of it himself.' 'We must manage it,' said Lady Firebrace, with a look of encouraging mystery. 'Do, my dear creature; speak to him: he is very much guided by your opinion. Tell him every body is laughing at him, and any other little thing that occurs to you.' 'I will come directly,' said Lady Marney to her husband, 'only let me see this.' 'Well, I will bring Huntingford here. Mind you speak to him a great deal; take his arm, and go down to supper with him if you can. He is a nice sensible young fellow, and you will like him very much I am sure; a little shy at first, but he only wants bringing out.' A dexterous description of one of the most unlicked and unlickable cubs that ever entered society with forty thousand a year; courted by all, and with just that degree of cunning that made him suspicious of every attention 'This dreadful Lord Huntingford!' said Lady Marney. 'Jermyn and I will interfere,' said Egremont, 'and help you.' 'No, no,' said Lady Marney, shaking her head; 'I must do it.'

The dangers of Sibyl, alluded to in this quotation, are imaginary perils in getting out of a hired cab somewhere about the Seven Dials, whither she has gone to warn her father, Gerard, a chartist delegate, conspiring a revolution with his colleagues, and who is the glorified representative of the 'The Poor Nation,'—being besides the noble descendant of an illustrious Saxon race, defrauded of his inheritance by a rascally lawyer and an upstart peer.

Mr. D. runs through the grievances and miseries of agricultural labourers, with wages insufficient to sustain nature. He next exhibits the factory workers in as deplorable condition, victims of the truck-system, and mercenary oppressive task-masters. He then shows that the mining districts are under a still more barbarous tyranny: in short, that the land is overspread with starvation, cruelty, and slow murder, whilst a few revel in unbounded luxuries. The rural country with a lovely landscape is:

"Beautiful illusion! For behind that laughing landscape, penury and disease fed upon the vitals of a miserable population! The contrast between the interior of the town and its external aspect was as striking as it was full of pain. With the exception of the dull high street, which had the usual characteristics of a small agricultural market-town, some sombre mansions, a dingy inn, and a petty bourse, Marney mainly consisted of a variety of narrow and crowded lanes formed by cottages built of rubble, or unhewn stones without cement, and, from age or badness of the material, looking as if they could scarcely hold together. The gaping chinks admitted every blast: the leaning chimneys had lost half their original height; the rotten rafters were evidently misplaced; while in many instances the thatch, yawning in some parts to admit the wet, and in all utterly unfit for its original purpose of giving protection from the weather, looked more like the top of a dunghill than a cottage. Before the doors of these dwellings and often surrounding them, ran open drains full of animal and vegetable refuse, decomposing into disease, or sometimes in their imperfect course filling foul pits or spreading into stagnant pools, while a concentrated solution of every species of dissolving filth was allowed to soak through and thoroughly impregnate the walls and ground adjoining. These wretched tenements seldom consisted of more than two rooms, in one of which the whole family however numerous, were obliged to sleep, without distinction of age, or sex, or suffering. With the water streaming down the walls, the light distinguished through the roof, with no hearth even in winter, the virtuous mother, in the sacred pangs of child birth, gives forth another victim to our thoughtless civilization, surrounded by three generations, whose inevitable presence is more painful than her sufferings in that hour of travail; while the father of her coming child, in another corner of the sordid chamber, lies stricken by that typhus which his contaminating dwelling has breathed into his veins, and for whose next prey is perhaps destined his new-born child. These swarming walls had neither windows nor doors sufficient to keep out the weather, or admit the sun, or supply the means of ventilation: the humid and putrid roof of thatch exhaling malaria like all other decaying vegetable matter. The dwelling-rooms were neither boarded nor paved, and whether it were that some were situated in low and damp places, occasionally flooded by the river, and usually much below the level of the road,—or that the springs, as was often the case, would burst through the mud floor,—the ground was at no time better than so much clay; while sometimes you might see little channels cut from the centre under the doorways to carry off the water, the door itself removed from its hinges: a resting place for infancy in its degraded home. These hovels were in many instances not provided with the commonest conveniences of the rudest police; contiguous to every door might be observed the dung-heap on which every kind of filth was accumulated, for

the purpose of being disposed of for manure; so that, when the poor man opened his narrow habitation, in the hope of refreshing it with the breeze of summer, he was met with a mixture of gases from reeking dunghills.

To that home—over which malaria hovered, and round whose shivering hearth were clustered other guests besides the exhausted family of toil, fever in every form, pale consumption, exhausting synochus, and trembling ague—returned, after cultivating the broad fields of merry England, the bold British peasant; returned to encounter the worst of diseases, with a frame the least qualified to oppose them—a frame that, subdued by toil, was never sustained by animal food; drenched by the tempest, could not change its dripping rags; and was indebted for its scanty fuel to the windfalls of the woods. The eyes of this unhappy race might have been raised to the solitary spire that sprang up in the midst of them, the bearer of present consolation, the harbinger of future equality; but the Holy Church at Marney had forgotten her sacred mission.

The manufacturers are just as bad. A hero of Manchester, *soubriquetted* for his virtues Devilsdust, is thus depicted:

"This was the familiar appellation of a young gentleman, who really had no other, baptismal or patrimonial. About a fortnight after his mother had introduced him into the world, she returned to her factory and put her infant out to nurse; that is to say, paid three pence a week to an old woman who takes charge of these new-born babes for the day, and gives them back at night to their mothers as they hurriedly return from the scene of their labour, to the dungeon or the den which is still by courtesy called 'home.' The expense is not great: laudanum and treacle, administered in the shape of some popular elixir, affords these innocents a brief taste of the sweets of existence, and keeping them quiet, prepares them for the silence of their impending grave. Infanticide is practised as extensively and as legally in England as it is on the banks of the Ganges; a circumstance which apparently has not yet engaged the attention of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign parts. But the vital principal is an impulse from an immortal artist, and sometimes baffles, even in its tenderest phasis, the machinations of society for its extinction. There are infants that will defy even starvation and poison, unnatural mothers and demon nurses. Such was the nameless one of whom we speak. We cannot say he thrived; but he would not die. So at two years of age, his mother being lost sight of, and the weekly payment having ceased, he was sent out in the streets to 'play,' in order to be run over. Even this expedient failed. The youngest and the feeblest of the band of victims Juggernaut spared him to Moloch. All his companions were disposed of. Three months 'play' in the streets got rid of this tender company,—shoeless, half-naked, and uncombed,—whose age varied from two to five years. Some were crushed, some were lost, some caught cold and fevers, crept back to their garret or their cellars, were dosed with Godfrey's cordial, and died in peace. The nameless one would not disappear. He always got out of the way of the carts and horses, and never lost his own. They gave him no food; he foraged for himself, and shared with the dogs the garbage of the streets. But still he lived; stunted and pale, he defied even the fatal fever, which was the only habitant of his cellar that never quitted it. And slumbering at night on a bed of mouldering straw, his only protection against the plashy surface of his den, with a dunghill at his head and a cesspool at his feet, he still clung to the only roof which shielded him from the tempest. At length, when the nameless one had completed his fifth year, the pest which never quitted the nest of cellars of which he was a citizen, raged in the quarter with such intensity, that the extinction of its swarming population was menaced. The haunt of this child was peculiarly visited. All the children gradually sickened except himself; and one night when he returned home, he found the old woman herself dead, and surrounded only by corpses. The child before this had slept on the same bed of straw with a corpse, but then there were also breathing beings for his companions. A night passed only with corpses seemed to him in itself a kind of death. He stole out of the cellar, quitted the quarter of pestilence, and after much wandering lay down near the door of a factory. Fortune had guided him. Soon after break of day, he was awake by the sound of the factory-bell, and found assembled a crowd of men, women, and children. The door opened, they entered, the child accompanied them. The roll was called; his unauthorised appearance noticed; he was questioned; his acuteness excited attention. A child was wanted in the Wadding hole, a place for the manufacture of waste and damaged cotton, the refuse of the mills, which is here worked up into counterpanes and coverlids. The nameless one was preferred to the vacant post, received even a salary—more than that, a name; for as he had none, he was christened on the spot—DEVILSDUST."

This hero, with another about the same age, 16 or 17, become leaders of mob-meetings at midnight moor-associations. "So young and yet so wise!"

On the whole, the book has much disappointed us, even for the talent and ability we expected; and as for its tendency, we think it of the worst among the worst. There is one comfort: it is not calculated to make such an impression upon the poorer classes as other productions of the same genus; but we are the less obliged to a member of the British senate for this, as it is the attempt and not the will which has confounded him.

Imperial Parliament.

ACADEMICAL EDUCATION FOR IRELAND.

House of Commons, May 11.

Sir JAMES GRAHAM rose, and moved for leave to bring in "a bill to enable her Majesty to endow new Colleges for the advancement of learning in Ireland"; making an explanatory statement.

He began by expressing his painful consciousness both of the difficulty and importance of the subject—the difficulty arising from religious differences. It is true, that in Ireland there is not the same variety of creeds as in England; but there is one striking anomaly—the religion of the great majority of the people has for centuries been treated by the State as a hostile religion. That evil has abated—the penal laws are removed or in process of removal; but traces of the bad disposition remain, and they are in nothing more perceptible or more noxious than where they interfere with the matter of education. The difficulty has been the subject of repeated inquiries. [To these Sir James successively adverted, but we confine our summary to the salient points of his review.] In 1806, a Commission was appointed; and in 1812, that Commission presented a report, signed by the Protestant Primate of that day, by the Archbishop of Cashel, the Bishop of Killaloe, Dr. Elrington, and Mr. Leslie Foster: that report contains this passage—"We conceive it to be of essential importance to any new establishment for the education of the lower classes in Ireland, and we venture to express our unanimous opinion, that no such plan, however wisely and unexceptionably contrived in other respects, can be carried into effectual execution in this country, unless it be explicitly avowed and

clearly understood as its leading principle, that no attempt shall be made to influence or disturb the peculiar religious tenets of any sect or description of Christians." That passage contains the germ of the sound principle on which education in Ireland, not only for the lower classes but for all, must be dealt with, on which it has latterly been treated, and on which the proposition he had to make was based.

Several attempts have been made in Ireland to educate on exclusive and proselytizing principles; the most remarkable instances of which are, "the Incorporated Society for promoting English Protestant Schools in Ireland," and "The Association for discountenancing Vice in Ireland." The School Society had a large annual grant, which in 1825 the last year, was 21,000*l.*; it then had 32 schools, and only 2,300 pupils. The other Association had an annual grant, which in 1824 was 7,000*l.*; it then had 226 schools, and 12,769 pupils; of whom 7,803 were Protestants, and 4,804 Roman Catholics. In 1831 was established the National System of Education in Ireland, on the principle enunciated in the report of 1812: by 1839, its schools numbered 1,581, its pupils 205,000; in 1844 its schools had increased to 3,153, its pupils to 395,000; and the pupils now exceed 400,000 in number. Compare that advance with the failure of the exclusive system. Sir James here made an announcement touching the National system of education: "Owing to the liberality of the grant, I have great satisfaction in stating to the House, that the National Board have divided their school districts into thirty-two, covering the whole surface of Ireland; and resolved, in each of these thirty-two districts to establish a model-school, for the purpose of extending the benefit, on the same principle of this great boon of national education, to the shopkeeping class and those above the lowest."

It is not only in Ireland that experience is to be had. In England, a long struggle to open the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge led to the establishment of the London University; in which, University College, without religious tests, and King's College, founded on principles of the Established Church, work in perfect harmony and with great success. London University has an expansive power—any other seminary or college in the United Kingdom may be attached to it; and it had been his duty to give consent to the connexion of the Roman Catholic College in Carlow with the University of London. In the Universities of Scotland too, where there has been much religious controversy, divine worship and theological lectures are provided; but attendance at either is not compulsory: and in Edinburgh University no religious tests are enforced. Whether you look to the Metropolitan University of England or of Scotland, religious tests, at this moment, are not exacted from either professors or students.

He now gave a sketch of the measure which he had to propose; confessing that it might be subject to some future modification in the details. He should recommend to the House the establishment of three provincial institutions for education in Ireland, all founded upon the same principle as the Metropolitan Colleges in England and Scotland. He proposed, that Cork should be the site of the College for the South, Galway or Limerick for the West, and Derry or Belfast—most probably Belfast—for the North. He could not pledge himself for the exact amount of the expense which would be necessary to carry this proposal into execution; but he conceived that 30,000*l.* would be wanted for the erection of each of the three collegiate buildings which the Government proposed to make; and he would therefore mention 100,000*l.* as a sum which would be amply sufficient for that purpose. For the expense of the officers of these institutions, and of the prizes to be established for the encouragement of learning, Government recommended that a sum of 18,000*l.* should be supplied annually; in other words, 6,000*l.* for each of them. In each College there would be a principal, with a salary of 1,000*l.* a year, and ten or twelve professors, with salaries of 300*l.* a year each. At Belfast and at Cork a medical school would be attached to each College, and lectures would be there given in pharmacy, surgery, and chemistry. It was the intention of Government to propose that in all the three Colleges the professors should be nominated by the Crown, and that the crown should have the power to remove them for good cause. The principal would reside within the walls of the College; but it was not intended to provide within them residences either for the professors or the students. The scheme of instruction would be by lecture, and by daily examination of the pupils, of a stringent and efficient kind. Consistently with the principle of the measure, which he had already described, there would be no faculty of theology in these institutions; and therefore he did not intend to propose the establishment of any professorships of divinity. Religion would not, however, be neglected in these institutions; on the contrary, every facility would be given for the voluntary endowment of theological professorships, and rooms for lectures would be allowed: but the attendance at the lectures of these professors would not be compulsory, for the fundamental principle on which he asked the House to sanction this bill was, the avoidance of all interference, positive or negative, in all matters affecting the freedom of conscience. There is a peculiarity in respect of Belfast: in that city there is already an academical institution, which receives an annual grant of 5,100*l.*; four of its professors being divinity professors, appointed by the General Assembly of Ulster: he would not deprive the Assembly of that advantage, but would continue the four professorships. He had reason to believe that if this bill should be sanctioned by the House, the Academical Institution would transfer its buildings and its library on easy terms to the new College at Belfast.

Then came an ulterior question. Should these three Colleges be incorporated in one central University? He confessed that he thought they should be so. Again, where should that University be?—Undoubtedly in Dublin. That suggests another difficulty: in Dublin is Trinity College, founded by Queen Elizabeth for Protestant purposes—the education of clergymen of the Church of England. But Dublin University is not quite exclusive; by the Relief Act of 1793, Roman Catholic students were admitted to the studies and honours of that University. Still, the emoluments, the professorship, and studentships, were reserved to members of the Church of England; and Mr. O'Connell had given evidence that it would not be proper to interfere with those Protestant studentships. And, apart from other considerations, any attempt to force the Roman Catholics or Dissenters upon the fellowships and scholarships of Trinity College would render such a revision of charters necessary, and would give such offence to Protestant feeling throughout the empire, that he had no hesitation in stating that to such a proposition Government would not give the slightest sanction. However, although he had thought it right in candour to allude to these difficulties, the settlement of them would be open to the future consideration of Parliament; for the bill did no more than enable the Crown to found the three new Colleges.

Sir James passed an emphatic eulogium on the exertions of Mr. Wyse in this matter, and cited his authority for founding provincial colleges in Ireland. He concluded by recommending the measure to the House as conducive of concord, order, peace, and virtue, in Ireland. "I have been taught by former failures

with respect to this subject. I am aware of my inability as an advocate to plead this cause; but I am deeply impressed with its importance, and the soundness of the principle I am now propounding to you; and I am very confident of the good that will result from it. I therefore implore your co-operation and general support, without reference to the differences upon religious matter which may exist in Ireland, and without regard to the political differences that may exist here."

A long and animated debate followed; but we can only glance at its general features. Mr. Wyse, the first to speak after Sir James Graham, cordially welcomed the measure; though he pointed out alterations in it which he should desire—such as the establishment of theological chairs in the new Colleges in connexion with the several religious denominations, and some provision for giving the teachers a kind of parental control over youths absent from their families. He recognised the difficulties respecting Dublin University. He hailed the general proposition with satisfaction; and heartily rejoiced at the near approach of the time in which Ireland might hope to be regenerated by improved intelligence and morality rather than by force and violence. This was the general tone of the Liberal Irish Members, several of whom spoke; including Mr. E. B. Roche, who, "as a Repealer, hailed this measure as a great boon to the people of Ireland." Mr. Sheil formed some exception to the rule: for he insisted more strongly on the necessity of removing from the new institutions the reproach that no religious instruction should be given in them; on the expediency of compelling the students to attend divine worship; and, with warmth, on the necessity of throwing open Dublin University, lest, with its wealth and social importance, it should be paramount over the rest.

Lord PALMERSTON promised for the measure in its progress the most fair and earnest support of the Whigs.

The strongest dissent came from Sir ROBERT INGLIS; who pronounced the measure to be, not of local, but of universal importance. It was the first instance in the history of Great Britain in which a national endowment for education without any provision for religious institutions had been made by it as a State. Such instruction as Sir James Graham proposed to establish ought to be erected not only for the enlightenment of man, but also for the glory of God. A more gigantic scheme of godless education had never been proposed in any country than that which was now under consideration.

Sir ROBERT PEEL saw in Mr. Sheil's speech that his own difficulty still lay in Ireland; and, in a very calm, but earnest and effective manner, he proceeded to contrast the conflicting demands which arose on all sides; Sir Robert Inglis requiring Protestant religion to be taught, which would merely render the scheme nugatory; others requiring Roman Catholic religion to be taught, and so provoking more bitter opposition. He reminded Sir Robert Inglis, that in supporting the existing Belfast Institution, the honorable Baronet was supporting a "godless institution"; for there the professors have long given up the attempt to enforce attendance on theological lectures or religious worship. In explanation, Mr. Sheil disclaimed any intention not to aid and support the measure.

Leave was given to bring in the bill; and it was read a first time.

Foreign Summary.

Douglas Jerrold is the writer of Mrs. Candler's famous "Curtain Lectures."

The crowd attending the "League Bazar" in London had been so great that it was found necessary on 14th ult. to raise the price of admission from one shilling to 2s 6d, and although there was some grumbling at this, it proved successful.

Tuesday's Gazette announced that the Queen had appointed Admiral Sir Robert Waller Orway, Baronet, and Vice-Admiral Sir Edward W. C. R. Owen, Knights Commanders of the Bath, to be Knights Grand Cross; and Rear-Admiral Sir Edward C. Betham, Knight, Companion of the same Order, to be Knight Commander thereof.

A fatal accident happened to Colonel Shelton, of the Forty-fourth Regiment, at Dublin, on Saturday. He mounted a spirited horse belonging to a brother officer, and went out for a ride. He dropped the reins, it is supposed to take a shorter hold of them; but as he had only one arm, that was a matter of difficulty. Feeling his head louse, the horse ran away, and returned at a violent pace towards its stable. In passing through an archway, Colonel Shelton's head was dashed against a wall. The horse fell; and in rising, its foot struck the rider heavily on the chest. Colonel Shelton was picked up senseless, a portion of the brain protruding through the ear; and he died on Monday evening. He had served a long life in the Army. He was present at many remarkable engagements in the Peninsular war, and lost his arm at the siege of St. Sebastian. He served during the campaign of 1814 in Canada. Subsequently, he was more than twenty years in India; was a participant in the disastrous campaign of Afghanistan, and a captive at Cabul; whence he returned to this country with his regiment but three months ago. He was distinguished for valour and high military attainments.

The personal estates of the late Baron Gurney has been sworn under 80,000*l*. He has also left freehold estates, which he bequeathed to his second son.

In a letter to a clerical friend, the Reverend Theobald Mathew announces that his debts have now been all liquidated, to the amount of 7,000*l*., principally by contributions from England, with some partial aid in Ireland.

We have great pleasure in being able to state that Sir Robert Peel has granted to the widow of the late John Banim 50*l*. from the Royal Bounty Fund; and has further engaged to place her name on the Pension-list when a vacancy occurs.

The fifteenth meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science will be held at Cambridge, commencing on Thursday 19th June. The time was fixed thus early in order to suit the "Commencement," which brings a large concourse to the University. The great feature of the ensuing session will be a congress of the observers at the different magnetical observatories stationed throughout Europe. Sir John Herschell is the President for the present year.

Thomas Hood, after his many years of literary toil, has left his wife and children utterly destitute, save a small pension which will cease at the death of the former; but private benevolence will no doubt provide for the widow and the fatherless. A committee has been formed to receive subscriptions in their behalf, including Talfourd, Bulwer, Monckton Milnes, Baron Rothschild, Lord John Manners, Lord Francis Egerton, the Marquises of Normanby and Northampton, and others. Lord Francis Egerton headed the subscription with 50*l*.

The death of Schlegel, the eminent German author and critic, at the age of 79, is announced.

The new Ministerial project, of making more ample provisions for education in Ireland, though Mr. O'Connell likes it not, finds favor with at least the Dublin Nation—which, by the way, has more than once lately manifested a disposition not to follow implicitly in the wake of the "liberator." The Nation thus speaks of the plan:—

"The rough outlines of a plan of academical education for Ireland are now before the country. The plan, as appears from Sir James Graham's very conciliatory speech, is to found three colleges—to give them 100,000*l*. for buildings, and 60,000*l*. a year for expenses—to open them, to all creeds; the education to be purely secular; the students not to live within the colleges, and the professors to be named and removed, now and hereafter by government."

Now that the first storm of joy and anger is over, it is time for the people of Ireland to think of this measure. It is for them to consider on it—it is for them to decide on it—it is for them to profit by it. For centuries the Irish were paupers and serfs, because they were ignorant and divided. The Protestant hated the Catholic and oppressed him—the Catholic hated the Protestant, and would not trust him. England fed the bigotry of both, and flourished on the ignorance of both. That ignorance was a barrier between our sects—left our merchant's till, our farmer's purse, and our state treasury empty—stupidified our councils in peace, and slackened our arm in war.—Whatever plan will strengthen the soul of Ireland with knowledge, and knit the sects of Ireland in liberal and trusting friendship, will be better for us than if corn and wine were scattered from every cloud.

"While 400,000 of the poor find instruction in the national schools, the means of education for the middle and upper classes are as they were ten or fifty years ago. A farmer or a shopkeeper in Ireland cannot, by any sacrifice, win for his son such an education as would be proffered to him in Germany. How can he afford to pay the expense of his son's living in the capital, in addition to collegiate fees? and, if he could, why should he send his son where, unless he be an Episcopalian Protestant, those collegiate officers which, though they could be held but by a few score, would influence hundreds, are denied him? Even to the gentry the distance and expense are oppressive; and to the Catholics and Presbyterians of them the monopoly is intolerable."

"To bring academical education within the reach and means of the middle classes, to free it from the disease of ascendancy, and to make it a means of union as well as of instruction, should be the objects of him who legislates on this subject; and we implore the gentry and middle classes, whom it concerns, to examine this plan calmly and closely, and to act on their convictions like firm and sensible men. If such a measure cannot be discussed in a reasonable and decent way, our progress to self-government is a progress to giddy convulsions and shameful ruin."

UNITED STATES SUGAR.

Order in Council.—By an Act passed in the present session of parliament, it was enacted that there should be charged, amongst other duties of customs, the following, viz:—

On sugar, the growth and produce of China, Java, of Manilla, or any foreign country, the sugars of which her Majesty in Council shall declare to be admissible as not being the produce of slave labor, and which shall be imported into the United Kingdom either from the country of its growth or from some British possession, having first been imported into such British possession from the country of its growth, the following duties:

White clayed sugar, or sugar rendered by any process equal in quality thereto, not being refined, the cwt 28*s*.

Brown sugar, being Muscovado, or clayed or any other sugar, not equal in quality to white clayed, the cwt 23*s* 4*d*, and so on in proportion for any greater or less quantity than a cwt.

And whereas, amongst other treaties and conventions a treaty was at the time of the passing of this act, and still is, subsisting between her Majesty and the United States of America, which was signed on the 26th day of August, 1827 extending and continuing in force the provisions of a certain other treaty with the said United States of America, amongst which was an agreement that no higher or other duties should be imposed on the importation into the territories of his Britannic Majesty in Europe of any articles the growth, produce, or manufacture of the said United States, than were, or should be, payable on the like article, being the growth, produce, or manufacture of any other foreign country:—

And whereas, a treaty also was and is subsisting between her Majesty and the United States of Mexico, which was signed on the 26th day of December, 1826, containing amongst other things, an agreement that no other or higher duties should be charged on the importation into the dominions of his Britannic Majesty in Europe of any articles the growth, &c., of Mexico, than were, or might be payable on the like articles the growth, &c., of any other foreign country:

And whereas, application has been made, on the part of the Government of the said United States of America, the state of Venezuela, and the United States of Mexico respectively, claiming under the said treaties the admission of sugars the growth of the United States of America, the State of Venezuela, and the United States of Mexico respectively, at the said duties of 28*s* and 23*s* 4*d* per cwt respectively.

Now, therefore, her Majesty, by and with the advice of her Privy Council, doth order that henceforward brown, muscovado, or clayed sugars (not being refined) the growth of the United States of America, or of the State of Venezuela, or of the United States of Mexico, shall, if imported according to the terms of the act, be admitted at the said rates of duty, subject, nevertheless, to the production of the same certificates and the making of the like declarations as are required by the act with respect to sugar, the growth of China, Java, or Manilla. And the Right Hon. the Lords Commissioners of her Majesty's Treasury are to give the necessary directions accordingly to carry this order into effect from the present time.

An appalling accident happened at Yarmouth on Friday afternoon—the suspension-bridge broke down, with hundreds of people upon it, causing an immense sacrifice of life. The bridge was suspended from two piers, and is said to have been capable of affording standing-room for a much larger number of persons than had gathered upon it. It was the chief means of transit from the railway-terminus to the town. Mr. Nelson, a Clown at Cooke's Equestrian Circus, had announced that he should ride in a floating tub drawn by four geese from the drawbridge on the quay to the suspension-bridge across the North River; and at five o'clock thousands of people had assembled on both sides of the river to see him. Few people were then on the bridge; but as Mr. Nelson entered the North River, the number on it increased until they amounted to some hundreds—"from three to six hundred"; most of whom pressed to the South side of the bridge. A large proportion of the crowd

consisted of children. A gentleman who passed over the bridge about this time noticed, that "the crown of the bridge, instead of maintaining its convex form, was completely flattened." The Clown's floating car had reached Bessy's Wharf, and there was a loud shout to announce his coming: in the midst of the shout rose a louder and shriller shriek from the band of the river—one of the suspension-rods was seen to snap, then another, and another; the chains on one side gave way, and the bridge fell on that side like the leaf of a table let down, pouring the crowd upon it into the water. There was a frightful splash and struggle—the water boiled up against the bridge—and then all was still, except that the river was strewn with people striving for life. Great numbers of boats instantly made for the place; the whole town seemed to rush to the shore; and the most strenuous efforts were made to save the victims. It is said that as the bridge gave way there was no cry from the crowd upon it—not a sound escaped under their sudden fate. As fast as they were taken out of the water, the drowned people were carried to the nearest house or to their own homes, and every endeavour was made to revive them: at one house, to which sixty-eight persons were carried, only three were revived; and there were at one time fifty corpses lying in the house. The streets wore a strange and hideous aspect, with the carrying about of dead bodies, and the wandering of affrighted people in search of their lost friends. It was soon ascertained that more than a hundred had perished. Nets were stretched across the river to intercept the dead bodies floating with the tide, and the water was carefully dragged for some hours. Many bodies were found entangled with the iron work of the bridge; and of those not a few must have suffered a painful death.

Some of the escapes were extraordinary. A woman who was thrown into the water with her child, seized the child's clothes with her teeth, and paddled herself to a place of safety. "One man who was precipitated from the bridge caught a hold and maintained it: a female made a desperate clutch at his ancles, and succeeded in reaching them: the brave fellow looked down, and though in fearful peril himself, encouraged her to hold tight, and she was rescued. The man refused to get into the boat, telling the occupants to pick up those who were floating about the river; subsequently, however, he was obliged to release his hold, and he fell into the stream: we are happy to say that a rope was thrown to him immediately, and he was brought safely ashore. Just as the bridge fell, two gentlemen in a gig passed through the toll-gate; and the horse actually had his feet on the bridge, when the alarm was given, and they succeeded in pulling him back.

By Tuesday, 75 bodies had been identified; and the number lost was then estimated at 130 or 140.

An address was forwarded to the members for Edinburgh, signed by about a thousand electors, stating their strong disapprobation of the Maynooth bill, and their determination not to vote for any one at a subsequent election by whom such a measure was not strenuously opposed. In his reply, Mr. Macaulay acknowledged the receipt of the address; simply adding—"I have no apologies or retractions to make. I have done what I believed, and I believe, to be right. I have opposed myself manfully to a great popular delusion. I shall continue to do so. I knew from the first what the penalty was; and I shall cheerfully pay it.

Tuesday's Gazette announced, among other appointments, those of the Marquis of Bute to be Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland; the Rev. Samuel Wilberforce, D.D., to be Dean of St. Peter's Westminster; and Mr. William Fergusson to be Governor-General of Sierra Leone.

The Dublin Evening Mail tells a tale, how Lord Northland involuntarily voted in the division of the Maynooth Bill, last Friday. "It was the noble Lord's intention to have gone out of the House without voting at all. He remained, however, in conversation with another Member until the doors were locked, and retreat was impossible. Lord Arthur Lennox, (one of the Lords of the Treasury,) however, in pity for the noble Viscount, hid him in a coal-cellar. According to the rules of the House, all Members within the body of the House must vote; and on its being intimated to the Speaker that Lord Northland was secreting himself, the Speaker ordered the Sergeant to fetch him from his lurking-place: which he did, amidst shouts of laughter; and then, in gratitude, no doubt, to the Lord Arthur Lennox, the noble Lord voted with Ministers. It remains to be seen what the electors of Dungannon will say to his conduct.

A splendid present for Mehemet Ali, from the East India Company, has just been completed by Mr. Smith, of Duke Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields. It is a fountain, ten feet high, richly adorned with fruits and flowers, the whole of silver; it contains 10,400 ounces of the precious metal.

The German papers give currency to the statement that M. Liebig, the celebrated Professor of Chemistry at the University of Giessen, has discovered a mineral substance, which, when combined with guano, will produce one of the most fertilizing manures known. It is added, that a joint-stock company, with a capital of 120,000*l.* sterling, composed for the most part of leading English capitalists, was, immediately on the discovery being made, formed for the purpose of carrying on upon a large scale the manufacture of the new compound. Among the subscribers are, however, several eminent professors of agriculture, who, according to the *Impartial du Rhin*, give out that the application of this substance to the culture of lands will produce an entire revolution in the agricultural system.

Exchange at New York on London, at 60 days, 9½ a 9½ per cent. prem.

THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1845.

By that "skimmer of the seas," the *Great Western*, and by the Mail packet *Cambria*, via Boston, we have our files up to the 20th ult., the contents of which, although not of engrossing importance, are of an interesting nature.

The Queen and the Royal family continue in good health, and her Majesty continues to set an example of liberality and munificence such as should be followed, in due degree, by the aristocracy of the land. The latest affair of this kind has been a *bal costumé*, the particulars of which of course we cannot describe, because it was to take place last night; but one of the benevolent objects of which we may easily suppose since it must evidently cause a considerable expenditure on the part of the rich, and consequently be beneficial to trade and manufacture. The Queen also keeps her yacht in good practice.

Having purchased a marine Villa on the Isle of Wight, her Majesty has made an excursion to the island for the purpose of examining the place, and for giving orders so as to make it an eligible summer residence. From thence she would return for the before-mentioned ball, and shortly afterward, as we understand, her Majesty will visit her Irish Dominions, having no fears with regard to either Repeal or Repealers. The Summer is well cut out, for on the Queen's return from Ireland, it is her intention to visit Germany, and afterwards France; nay, even a second visit to Scotland is in the chapter of probabilities. Now this is all as it should be; a popular monarch can best preserve that popularity by mixing much with her subjects in every quarter of the empire, and by frank and noble visiting at the courts of friendly nations; there is a confiding honest spirit displayed thereby, which is sure to be met with a becoming loyalty, love, and respect. Besides which, like the *Bal Costumé*, but on a more extensive scale, it opens numerous springs of refreshing encouragement, to trade, manufacture, labour, and elegance. It is the very period also of life for her Majesty to perform these gracious progresses, and she is thereby getting information, making firm alliances, securing lasting loyalty, and learning her people's and her nation's condition, which may redound to her glory, honour, and happiness, during a reign which we sincerely trust may be a long and happy one.

Never was the wealth of England greater or more evident than at present, and perhaps never was there a greater rational confidence exhibited in the money market there than at present. Loans, advances, discounts, and so forth, on moderate securities may easily be obtained on interest at 2½ to 3 per cent.; and it does so happen that although there must be some pet madness of speculation on foot when cash is abundant, the only mania of magnitude in England is Railway Speculation, and the legislature is kindly interfering to restrain its excesses and save the people from themselves. In this condition of things, and without a hostile field to maintain, how grand a position does the Queen of the British Empire exhibit! For any great purpose, foreign or domestic, how easily—even at the lifting of the minister's finger—would the sterling millions be poured forth in loans to the government! And how easy, in well directed judgment it would be, to employ this surplus wealth to the benefit of her people, and the consolidation of her dominions. Of war we can see no prospect, for the Oregon question is not one to produce hostilities; there are too many of the wise, the prudent, and the considerate, on both sides of the Atlantic to permit embroilments on grounds so silly, and which would be productive of such serious results. Noisy demagogues, hot and hasty, there certainly are in abundance on both sides, but, like those of the late Repeal faction in Ireland, their fulminations are but "sound and fury, signifying nothing."

In the manufacturing districts of England employment is ample and labour is abundant; there are two important articles, however, which are at present depressed in price though in full demand. Cotton may be quoted at a fall of ¼ to ½ of a penny per pound, in the very face of sales in Liverpool amounting to 40, 50, or 60 thousand bales per week. There is no harm in this, notwithstanding; for it arises from the news carried to England by the Great Western and the Caledonia that there will probably be a Cotton crop this year greater even than that of 1843. This being known betimes prevents a sudden large depression in price, and saves much monetary confusion. The other article is that of Iron, but this also is without producing any confusion or reaction in trade. We touched on this recently, and have merely to say that the same causes yet operate. But Iron is going off, in immense quantities, and its price will gradually be resumed as the suddenly accumulated stocks in the hands of the Iron masters become reduced.

The reduction of the duties on Sugar is beginning to astonish even the minister himself. It will not prove any reduction to the revenue, but on the contrary will probably prove a cause of increase thereto. In this it follows the natural action of things, extravagant duties on things of great request are restrictions of natural and useful desires, and so soon as these duties are reduced within reasonable bounds, the increased demand is both gratifying to hitherto forbidden consumers and beneficial to the revenue; in the case before us we understand that there is an increased consumption of 20 per cent. among the poor, and of 30 to 40 per cent. upon those of larger means.

We spoke, above, of the great improbability of war at this juncture, and such is our candid belief, nevertheless the maxim inculcated in the fable of "The Boar whetting his tusks against the side of a tree," is not a bad one in politics. The Journals inform us that great preparations are going on at Plymouth and Devonport Dockyards. Vessels are undergoing repair and being put in commission, on an extensive scale. This may be a prudent precaution, for the purpose of keeping in good exercise what is considered the right arm of British strength, which ought never to be enervated or relaxed too far; it may also be for the purpose of reminding other countries that this "Right Arm" though hitherto for some years in comparative repose, is still in its vigor and ready for exertion. But of any active employment beyond that of mere salutary exercise we do not perceive any indication, unless it may arise from the present aspect of affairs between England and South America.

Affairs in Ireland are all tending towards tranquillity and peace; the Premier is completely startling the Agitator by the liberality of his measures, which actually transcend both the views and the wishes of Mr. O'Connell. The Maynooth bill was brought under discussion for its third reading in the Commons on the evening of the 19th ult., and would probably occupy several nights, but as to the issue there does not seem to be a doubt; the College will be endowed, for no one dreams of difficulties to any great extent in the Lords. Sir Robt. Peel, however, does not content himself with this measure, but proposes three lay colleges for Ireland, to be situated in distinct and distant portions of the Island, for the purpose of education in all the civil and secular departments, but in

which religion in any sectarian view will not have a professor. This is not improbably a "bone to pick" for the Dissenters who have not hitherto enjoyed the immunities of any English recognised endowment; it meets some of the views of the late Whig administration on Educational subjects, it admits the Irish of all denominations, and thus, like certain fowling pieces, he shoots with both barrels. O'Connell is opposed to it, probably so are the Roman Catholic priesthood; but these cannot find a rational ground of objection. Were there to be Endowments for the members of the Protestant Episcopal Church, there could not be any Irish cavil, because that would be the recognised Church, by law; but the Protestant Episcopal Church is as much sectarian in the eyes of the Romanist as is any other which differs from the Church of Rome; thus there cannot be cavil at any without involving all, even that which the law itself recognises.

As to the project itself simply, and apart from the political effects it is calculated to produce, there may be two views on that matter. Domestic religious instruction is not over sedulously given; this, however, if executed may produce greater assiduity at home. Another effect may be that the measure would prove a first step to the "voluntary system,"—a measure much to be deplored, as undermining one of the fundamental maxims of the British Constitution. "The Union of Church and State." Other objections there are, and these shew that the delineator of Sir R. Peel was not far wrong in saying that the Premier was chiefly "the man of the present," unable to trace back to the springs and original sources of things, and never carrying his plans much beyond the emergency of the day, or being conscious of ultimate results.

But perhaps the most distressing affair to O'Connell is the defection of Mr. Grey Porter. We know not that either his adherence or his defection matters much in itself, but it will be remembered that the Agitator made an immense glorification of him, on account of something which he wrote, that he invested Mr Porter with all the attributes of leadership, making himself to be but a subordinate to so wonderful a man, and in fact not only pretended to fall down and worship the image which "O'Connell the King had set up," but, like the Babylonian of old insisted that all his people should do so likewise. In short, Mr. Grey Porter turns out to have more sense than the Agitator gave him credit for; he refuses to be humbugged any farther, he does not choose to be considered the head of the battering ram which is to be driven against the walls of the constitution, and he retires from so odious a contention. What can the Agitator say? Why, nothing!—and he says it.

A table of the ratio of mortality at many prominent places has been recently put forth, and among them we find that of Sierra Leone which is stated to be that of 48 per cent., or nearly half the Europeans who settle there. Is it possible that there can be advantages in the possession of such a colony which may compensate for such a sweeping destruction of human life as this? The very details from time to time, which always give a magnified impression to the mind, and from which allowances were to be made, were nevertheless appalling; but here is a statistic report, founded on regular examination, and we trust it will lead philanthropical legislators to institute an enquiry on the subject, that the public may know why such a scourge is retained, and consider how the evil may be at least abated.

Among those who have already been threatened with suffering for conscience sake are Mr. Macauley by his constituents of Auld Reekie, and Lord Francis Egerton by his of South Lancashire. Remonstrances have been forwarded from both these places to their several offending representatives; and replies couched in respectful but very firm language have been received from the culprits. The former Hon. Gentleman perhaps has not much merit in his courage as he knows very well that his seat is secure notwithstanding all this vapouring on the part of a portion of the electors; but Lord Francis anticipates his fate by informing the Lancastrians that he does not purpose to offer himself again either for their suffrages or for those of any other constituency. These are fine examples, however, for a beginning, and will stimulate others who may be threatened for daring to act and speak according to their consciences. As we have said, above, it is not impossible that the fall of these worthies may be either broken or prevented, for, the complainants being chiefly of the intolerant order, may be mollified by the sop of the Lay Colleges which the Premier has in view for Ireland. One thing at least may be relied upon; if Sir R. Peel be not thrown off his balance and put out of office altogether, he will be stronger than ever. The rock to be avoided more sedulously is one that at present has a very specious appearance, but the touch of it would be shipwreck to his vessel. Hydrographers have not laid it down in the chart, but its name is Coalition; it possesses attractive qualities, but there is an awfully dangerous quicksand all round it.

The Anti Corn Law League have resorted to a means for sustaining their exchequer which is likely to be highly effective. They have taken Covent Garden Theatre and have fitted it up as a Bazaar upon a most magnificent scale. The stage and the pit of this immense house are covered over as one extensive floor, and divided into sections in which are the manufactured products of different sections or counties; the entire interior represents a gothic hall with massy and highly decorated arches and mouldings, and at the farther end a large artificial window painted so as to appear to let in a sober light. The effect from the boxes is said to be wonderfully imposing, and visitors to the Bazaar can either go into them and enjoy the captivating *coup d'œil*, or proceed into the market itself and purchase what they wish or need at a moderate rate; besides which, at the farther end is an elegant refreshment saloon. In short the place is becoming a lounge, and is sharing public patronage with the Parks, the Zoological Gardens, and other hitherto favorite places of resort. No one can even enter without paying, so that the place is not crammed with unprofitable loungers; and the prices of admission have been proportioned to

the excitement, so that they have gradually reached their minimum of one shilling sterling. On the first day the admission was half a guinea each, and the house was fully crowded in less than an hour after the opening of the doors. Much was sold, and much continues to be sold; an impulse has been given to trades of different kinds, money flows in all directions, and—the League have made a grand hit in support of their cause.

The world of Literature and Wit has sustained a heavy loss in the death of Thomas Hood, Novelist, Poet, Punster, and Moralist. One who has caused more tears of either mirth or sentiment, than most of his contemporaries, and who has contributed also as large a share towards the cultivation of moral principles in the community as industry and energy could effect. Great as was his humour it was never offensive, keen as were his sensibilities they were never mawkish. He suffered much during his last illness, and his loss will be most extensively deplored.

Without disparagement of either the bravery of Naval officers or of their judgment in the proper sphere of exercise, it is much to be doubted whether, generally, they are fit persons to have command in civil capacity; accustomed to arbitrary measures, and to the prompt obedience to orders, both of which are necessary to a certain extent in naval economy, so little used, comparatively speaking, to intercourse with their equals and with society at large, they generally contrive to become unpopular as Governors in foreign colonies, and to do mischief where they really mean well. Just at this juncture there are two strong instances of this. Capt. Fitzroy, who has caused so much dissension and division in New Zealand, has been ordered home, and it is likely that the investigation into his gubernatorial conduct will be somewhat unpleasant. We hope Lord Stanley will be able to bring him off unscathed. Again Capt. Worsley Hill, Lieut.-Governor of the Gold Coast settlements, has contrived to injure the relations between the native Africans and the European settlers, and has likewise damaged the public business of his own department. If martial men are to have appointments of these kinds it would surely be infinitely better to bestow them on military officers who have more frequent intercourse in matters of this kind, and are, for very obvious reasons better calculated to be valuably effective in such ticklish trusts.

We have been favoured with a few extra papers from Messrs. Willmer and Smith of Liverpool, for which we beg to thank him; but we fear they will say we are making a poor return for their kindness, for we are about to remonstrate against an article in their last editorial which we consider anything but candid, anything but correct. They have therein instituted a comparison between the English Post-office department and that of the United States, in which they have conferred the palm on the latter, in strong terms. If their aim be to add to their popularity in this country by compliments of this kind, they have evidently made a mistake and have overshot their mark, for there is not a public department of the United States which is so generally and so loudly censured, or in which there are so many mistakes producing disappointment, delay, or loss, as that of the Post Office here, whilst on the contrary that of England is and has long been the wonder and admiration of the whole civilized world. The proprietors of The European Times are in the right to ingratiate themselves as much as possible with foreign countries, by any fair means, but we greatly fear that they have not exhibited much judgment in their present selection.

The Autocrat of all the Russians seems to be frantic with the disappointment of his designs upon the brave Circassians. A force is to be raised amounting to near two hundred thousand fighting men, to overcome the Caucasus and put an end to this suspense. The latter we have no doubt will ensue, by the discomfiture of the invaders, though they be so numerically strong! a body of mountaineers, fighting for home and liberty, are not to be put down by a horde of serfs and semi-barbarians, even though their master may stretch his arm over all the Northern regions of the world.

The latest Journals say but very little concerning Oregon, that subject being only prattled about by country *quidnuncs*, and coffee house oracles. There is too much good sense both here and in England to allow of public agitation concerning what can be easily and amicably settled. But there is really a little anxiety as to the upshot of the Mexican and Texan affairs. The annexation of the latter country to the United States is still an occult problem. Negotiations are on foot between Mexico and her late province, and should the independence of the latter be acknowledged by the former it will be on condition of no junction with the American Union. *Nous verrons.*

AWFUL CONFLAGRATION AT QUEBEC.—The dreadful occurrence recently at Quebec seems to have capped the climax of disasters by fire which have been so rife within the last few months, and doubtless has awakened the sensibilities and liberal feelings of many who remain in thankful security. In such a case we feel assured that the merchants and citizens of New York will not forget the promptitude and liberality exhibited by those of Canada after the overwhelming disaster of December 1835; nor do we think that British Residents here will be slow to relieve the distresses of their brethren in Quebec. The destruction of 1200 houses and the destitution of 10,000 souls cannot even be glanced at without a shudder, and the actual contemplation of their miseries must cause every heart to bleed. We look with anxiety, but with confident expectation for a call on the public sympathy here by the Mayor of the city, the British Consul, or some other fit originator, and the rather as prompt assistance is imperatively necessary.

ANGLO AMERICAN CHURCH.—A letter from "a Subscriber" is before us to the following effect. "Having seen in 'The Churchman,' 'The Albion' and in your Journal, a report of proceedings respecting the proposed Anglo American Church, no two of which coincide, I would request to know

which is the correct one. Your reply through your Journal will oblige "a Subscriber." Our correspondent has needlessly made to himself a difficulty, for he may easily perceive that "The Churchman" has all the proceedings correctly and *in extenso*, "The Anglo American" has precisely the same as "the Churchman" except a letter from H. B. M. Consul to the Bishop of New York and the answer thereto, which we had not room to insert and for which we apologised in a foot note, and the "Albion" has a garbled, imperfect, and perverted report, with several omissions of business which actually did take place. We know not how this could well be, as the proprietor of the last named Journal was present at the meeting, and must have received a copy of the proceedings for insertion *agreeably to motion*, his being we presume similar to those which we received. It is just possible that he did not choose to insert anything in which our name or that of our Journal formed part of the business, and we are rather confirmed in the possibility as we find that the name given to the proposed church has been altered in the heading of the "Albion" report.

We would call attention to the Advertisement of Rev. Mr. Messenger, of Brooklyn, of whom we hear the most commendable reports in his arduous profession of a Teacher of Youth. It produces pleasurable feeling to reflect that this important occupation becomes every day more and more truly estimated, and that mankind begin to perceive in the guides and teachers of youth, the true benefactors of the generation which live, as well as of those which are yet to come.

□ We regret that we have been obliged to crowd out an extract from the "Notes" of our young friend, which we had prepared but which the Mails have postponed. It is a description of a Burial at Sea, graphically described, and for which we will endeavour to find room next week.

The Drama.

PARK THEATRE.—We have to confess a *contretemps* which has robbed us, as we are informed of a great dramatic treat. We went to The Park on Monday evening, partly to see our greatest favourite Placide in Sir Harcourt Courty, and partly to see a new Lady Gay Spanker. The latter filled us with such unmeasured disgust that we could not prevail upon ourselves to witness the new Comedy of "Time works Wonders" in which the personator of Lady Gay was to take the most prominent part. In the meanwhile it seems the cast was altered and Mrs. Abbott in a few hours had to appear in a character she could not have had opportunity to study deliberately. We are happy to hear notwithstanding that she played the character of Florentine in excellent style, all things considered, and that the play went off in a very satisfactory manner. Having confessed so much, our readers will not of course expect from us a detail of the plot and conduct of the play this week; we shall endeavour to be circumstantial in our next.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—The opening night on Wednesday was truly rich in Spectacle, Scenery, and Machinery. The last was indeed so multifarious and so complex that we was perfectly astonished at the few checks which occurred in so long and complicated a piece. The piece is called "The Seven Castles of the Passions" and certain characters have to undergo temptations in the castles of Envy, Pride, Avarice, Idleness, Rage, Love, and Luxury, all of which are surmounted in the course of their pilgrimage to the shrine of Our Lady of Grace. The characters represented are Mephistophiles by Nickenson, well done as he always does—a blundering selfish peasant, excellently personated by T. Placide—a coquettish self-willed nymph by Miss Taylor, and her wiser sister, by Miss H. Matthews (a daughter by the bye of Mr. Matthews formerly of the National Theatre of this city). All these were well done and were very attractive; but the gem of the whole was the style of singing—a mere ballad—by Miss Matthews, who possesses a mezzo soprano voice, of the finest and mellowest quality, and who broke upon us by surprise as we by no means expected so fine a musical treat. She was most enthusiastically encouraged, and we actually fancied that the second singing was superior to the first. The house was exceedingly well and fashionably filled, and we predict for the piece a great and popular run.

Literary Notices.

DE ROMAN.—By Eugene Sue.—New York: Harpers.—We rejoice to see a work from this powerful writer, of a nature better calculated to be at once interesting and in good taste than some of those which have sprung from his pen. The subject, however, is formed from an evil age of society; that, namely, of Louis XIV.; it is well handled, and will be largely read.

HARPER'S ILLUMINATED SHAKESPEARE.—Nos. 53 and 54.—This portion of the charming edition in progress is the play of "As you like it," the illustrations to which are beautiful, and the notes scholarlike.

ENCYCLOPEDIA OF DOMESTIC ECONOMY.—No. 3.—In this number we have the continuation and completion of the subject of household furniture, both for use and for ornament, and the commencement of "Household Servants." We like this work more and more as it proceeds.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE FOR MAY 1845.—New York: Leonard Scott & Co.—The number before us is replete with interesting articles, and the reprint is got up in commendable style.

THE COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE FOR JUNE 1845.—New York: Israel Post.—This Magazine continues under the able editorship of John Inman, Esq., and that is security enough for the quality of the literary contents. The embellishments consist of "The First Friend,"—a favorite dog,—a Scene among the Thousand Isles, and a "Plate of Fashions" for the month.

THE YOUNG BRIDE'S BOOK.—By Arthur Freeling.—New York: Wilson & Co.—A clever little fasciculus, being a compendium of a wife's duties, worthy the consideration of all who are about to become brides.

THE SYBIL'S BOOK OF FATE.—Compiled by Samson Davis.—New York: Wilson & Co.—An amusing piece of absurdity pretending to explain dreams, foretell future events, answer occult questions, &c.

THE COMIC ENGLISH GRAMMAR.—New York: Wilson & Co.—This, though truly laughable in its construction, is in reality a clever thing; it gives good grammatical rules, turns into ridicule vulgar expressions, and absolutely jokes its readers into a knowledge of the English language.

POPULAR LECTURES ON SCIENCE AND ART.—Part 3.—By Dr. Dionysius Lardner.—This work we rejoice to perceive is advancing with all prudent celerity. The part just received includes lectures on "The Tides," "Light," "The Major Planets," "Reflection of Light," "Prospects of Steam Navigation," and "The Barometer." As the publishers had all the materials at hand before they commenced this work, it were to be wished that they had classified and arranged them in order analogous to their subjects instead of throwing them together as they here stand. We trust that when they go to a second edition, as they doubtless will, such an arrangement will be made.

SELF.—New York: Harper and Brothers.—The publishers have just issued this new novel, intended as a sequel to "Cecil," written by the author of that popular fiction. Its scenes are those of high life in London some 20 or 30 years ago, and it discloses some singular features of character and some weakness which the satirical pen of the writer has finely criticised. The story is well conducted and the readers of it will be legion.

THE WANDERING JEW.—No. 12.—Harpers Edition.—After waiting so long for this new issue we find our appetite for this thrilling story the more keenly eager for the repast; and need we add we found it spiced exactly to our taste. The same publishers have also just issued,

COPLAND'S GREAT DICTIONARY OF MEDICINE.—Part VIII.—Containing elaborated treatises on Fevers and Epidemics. We believe this invaluable work stands unrivalled both in Europe and America, in medical science.

NEW MUSIC.

The following are just published by Wm. Millett, at his Music Saloon, 329 Broadway:—

FORTY-FOUR EASY PRELUDES ON THE PIANOFORTE.—By Frances Isabella King.—These are, as the title expresses, easy preludes, but they will be found acceptable and graceful by young pianists who may otherwise find it awkward to sit down at the Instrument and abruptly commence a set composition. They are in all the usual keys, and in both the Major and the Minor modes.

LA CARLOTTA GRISI.—A Grand Waltz.—By Henri Herz.—We advise amateur Pianists that this is a graceful, scientific, and yet not difficult Waltz; M. Herz has not diminished his fame by writing this apparent trifle.

Cricketers' Chronicle.

We do not suppose that any true Cricketer, whether he be one of great or of ordinary skill, will need any additional impulse or stimulus to his exertions on the Cricket ground; but we offer the following to their perusal, to shew them—aye, and to the world at large—what are the energies and patience, both needful and practicable in those who delight in this manly species of Gymnastics. It took place as far back as eleven years ago, but it is well worthy of being preserved in remembrance:—

GRAND CRICKET MATCH BETWEEN THE COUNTIES OF NORFOLK AND YORK.

PLAYED AT SHEFFIELD, JULY 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th and 14th, 1834.

YORKSHIRE.	
FIRST INNINGS.	SECOND INNINGS.
Woolhouse, b. by F. Pilch..... 12	b. by W. Pilch..... 13
Dearman, c. by Laws..... 46	b. by F. Pilch..... 12
Hattersley, b. by Daplin..... 4	c. by F. Pilch..... 24
Vincent, s. by W. Roberts..... 32	c. by Spink..... 32
Marsden, b. by Spink..... 17	s. by W. Roberts..... 34
Smith, c. by T. Roberts..... 15	b. by Howard..... 37
Capt. McCoy, b. by W. Pilch..... 0	b. by W. Pilch..... 24
Rollins, b. by W. Pilch..... 4	c. by Eglebright..... 4
Woolen, c. by Hoag..... 4	b. by F. Pilch..... 12
Hyde, b. by W. Pilch..... 19	not out..... 26
Barlow, not out..... 11	c. by Daplin..... 22
Wide Balls..... 15	Wide Balls..... 21
Byes..... 12	Byes..... 35
No Balls..... 0	No Balls..... 0
Total..... 191	296

NORFOLK.	
FIRST INNINGS.	SECOND INNINGS.
Daplin, b. by Hattersley..... 0	b. by Rollins..... 10
W. Pilch, c. by Hattersley..... 30	b. by Marsden..... 3
Laws, b. by Marsden..... 2	not out..... 173
F. Pilch, c. by Marsden..... 2	not out..... 2
N. Pilch, b. by Marsden..... 7	b. by Hattersley..... 22
Hogg, b. by Hattersley..... 2	c. by Hattersley..... 14
T. Roberts, not out..... 13	b. by Rollins..... 36
Spink, run out..... 0	b. by Rollins..... 3
W. Roberts, b. by Hattersley..... 12	not out..... 0
Eglebright, b. by Marsden..... 0	not out..... 0
Howard, hit wicket..... 0	not out..... 0
Wide Balls..... 6	Wide Balls..... 23
Byes..... 1	Byes..... 12
No Balls..... 0	No Balls..... 0
75	298

* Admitted to be the best catch ever seen by any Cricketer.

This Match having been continued five days and tremendous heavy rains coming on, it was given up in favour of Yorkshire; Norfolk having 115 runs to get to win and only 4 wickets to go down. A finer display of the science of the game could not have been witnessed, and the good feeling which existed between the parties made the contest as pleasing as the spectators could wish.

W. M. Bradshaw, Umpire for Norfolk, and William Straford, Umpire for Yorkshire.

DEPARTMENT OF THE FINE ARTS.

Painting and Sculpture.

ON PICTORIAL ANATOMY.

BY JAMES MILLER, F.R.S.E. F.R.C.S.E.—[Concluded.]

A power of *sketching* will readily be admitted as essential to the higher walks of art, in the invention, composition, and general arrangement of the subject, previous to undertaking the actual design. Freedom and power, beauty and vigour, flow from the pencil of him who is versed in the requisite knowledge of Anatomy, while hesitation, error, and debility, will characterize the most laboured efforts of one who is therein ignorant. It has been said by a high authority on this subject—the late justly celebrated, and now justly lamented, Sir Charles Bell—"that which in the finished picture is to be the mere indication of muscular action, ought to have its foundation laid in the sketch, by a correct and strong representation of the full action. The anatomy should be strongly marked in the original design; and even a little exaggeration of it is sometimes not only agreeable, but useful." A prominent example of this will occur to any one who passes even hastily through the collection of ancient pictures in the room adjoining. The Sebastian of Vandyck is plainly a sketch, and as plainly from the hand of a master. In the outline of the principal figure, he seems to have toyed with his anatomical knowledge, obtaining there such freedom and vigour of expression, as subsequent detail would have easily softened into manly perfection. "He that is sure of the goodness of his ship and tackle, puts out fearlessly from the shore; and he who knows that his hand can execute whatever his fancy can suggest, sports with more freedom in embodying the visionary forms of his own creation."

That anatomical knowledge must prove highly beneficial to all who desire to make art the medium of *expression*, is so obvious as to require no comment; this one reflection being sufficient, that on intricate muscular action, correct expression almost entirely depends. Of course, I do not limit the term "expression" to the action of the muscles of the face alone, but extend it to those of the whole frame, remembering the well-known quotation, "patuit in corpore vultus."

It may be objected, that if nature and its anatomy be the foundation, as thus alleged, of true design, why are not works of sculpture produced now, equal or superior to those of the ancient Greeks; seeing that, with an improved knowledge of Anatomy, we have the same school open to us that was open to them; for Nature denies her instruction to none who desire to become her pupils. To this we frankly confess, that a knowledge of this science, however profound, is not enough, combined with *mere nature*—we must have *beautiful nature*, on which to ground our conceptions of form; these we may mould to gether by means of our knowledge of the human structure; "but it is Nature alone who combines them with perfect truth and delicacy, in all the varieties of motion and expression." And there is little doubt that such nature as the Greeks possessed is not within the reach of modern artists.

The body was then cultivated in preference to the mind. All had a taste for its beauty, and were anxious to improve it. Of the four wishes of Simonides, the second was to have a handsome figure. The youth, by manly exercise, were trained to full symmetrical development; and the first rewards were decreed to those who excelled in agility and strength. Statues were often raised to wrestlers; and even the most eminent men in Greece sought renown in the gymnasia. Chryseippus and Cleantes distinguished themselves there before they were known as philosophers. Plato appeared as a wrestler, both at the Isthmian and Pythian games; and Pythagoras carried off the prize at Elis. Children who gave promise of beauty, were allowed to contest for a prize, and he who won it had a statue erected to him. The Lacedæmonian women kept in their chambers the statues of Nereus, of Narcissus, of Hyacinthus, and of Castor and Pollux, hoping, that by often contemplating these, they might have beautiful children. And both sexes were happily exempt from those dire attempts, too often successful in the present day, to change simple chaste nature into an unnatural thing of manner and affectation, as practised among our teachers of *accomplishments* in their various schools of deformity.

There seems also much truth in the sayings of Rubens on this subject: "The chief reason why men of our age are different from the ancients, is sloth and want of exercise; for most men give no other exercise to their body, but eating and drinking. No wonder, therefore, if we see so many paunch bellies, weak and pitiful legs and arms, that seem to reprove themselves with their idleness. Nature furnished the human body, in those early ages, when it was nearer its origin and perfection, with every thing that could make it a perfect model; but now, being decayed and corrupted by a succession of so many ages, vices, and accidents, hath lost its efficiency, and only scatters those perfections among many, which it used formerly to bestow upon one."

Besides, the ancient sculptors had unlimited access to the best models. Of this we have a remarkable proof in the Gallery of Casts. Personal charms, disputed by two fair daughters of Syracuse, were at once displayed to a sculptor as the judge; one was found pre-eminent; forthwith she was chiselled in marble; and thence arose the Venus Kallipyge. I need not say how wide is the difference as to the manners of the present time.

A combination of circumstances, so highly favourable to Art, cannot now occur. Hence it is unjust, from inevitable inferiority of modern to ancient sculpture, to conclude, that anatomical knowledge can be of but little avail to the artist. On the contrary, it is of more use now than ever. As models deteriorate, the mind must labour more and more to correct their deficiency; and we have already shewn, that to succeed in this, a scientific acquaintance with the human structure is indispensable.

It may also be objected, that anatomical knowledge leads to stiffness and pedantry in Art,—too much being sacrificed to an ill-judged display of the science. A similar objection may be made to any of the numerous qualifications necessary to the excellent artist. When any one of these is cultivated in excess, to the exclusion of others, defect and failure are the inevitable result. It is not enough that he be skilled in one of the elements of his art; he must be learned in them all. He who is most so, is the least likely to make an unwarrantable display of any. And in proportion as he is but partially informed in regard to one, so much the more tempted will he be to exhibit his little of that ostentatiously. "One who is an adroit master of his weapon will not enter rashly upon its use, but being engaged from necessity or conviction, will bring himself through with courage and address."

Truly a little learning is a dangerous thing. In order to escape this danger, the safest way is to make that little much; and though the knowledge of Anatomy requisite for the artist is comparatively limited—when the vast field of

that most extensive science is considered—yet he must know that little well; it is only a little of that little that can prove detrimental.

Still, it may be urged, that Anatomy is principally of use in the more minute details of the human form; and that these being, in high art, uniformly held as very subordinate to the grand whole, it can matter little whether or not the artist be learned therein. No one will seek to dispute, that detail is and ought to be subordinate to general effect; but from this it by no means follows, that detail is to be neglected as a thing almost unnecessary. At one time, Art seemed to be tending too much in this way. But now, it would appear to be almost generally admitted, that detail, though secondary to general effect, yet is necessary towards it—that the one cannot well exist without the other—and that most certainly they are by no means incompatible.

The great style in painting consists neither in giving nor avoiding details, but in something quite different from both. Any one may avoid the details. So far, there is no difference between the Cartoons and an ordinary sign painting. Greatness consists in giving the larger masses and proportions with truth; this does not prevent giving the smaller ones also. The utmost grandeur of outline, and the broadest masses of light and shade, are perfectly compatible with the utmost minuteness and delicacy of detail, as may be seen in Nature. If the form of the eyebrow be correctly given, it will be perfectly indifferent to the truth or grandeur of the design, whether it consist of one broad mark, or be composed of a number of lines. The anatomical details of Michael Angelo, the ever varying outline of Raphael, the perfect execution of the Greek statues, do not destroy their symmetry or dignity of form; and in the finest specimens of the composition of colour, we may observe the largest masses combined with the greatest variety in the parts, of which those masses are composed.

Were this point still disputed, it would surely be enough to refer to the Elgin marbles; where the details of the subordinate parts, the loose hanging folds of the skin, the veins under the belly or on the sides of horses, more or less swelled as the animal is more or less in action, are given with scrupulous exactness—almost resembling casts taken from the life. And yet who ventures to say that these are not replete with beauty and with grandeur?

Thus, then, even were we to admit that knowledge of Anatomy is chiefly adapted to detail, still we should find it most important to the artist. "The human figure—so astonishing in its structure, combining so many principles and powers—so beautiful and engaging in its contours and colours—so varied by age, sex, motion, and sentiment—cannot be represented from cursory and ignorant observation; it must be understood before it can be imitated."

Let us briefly inquire if the history of Art will bear us out in this assertion.

The ancient Egyptians, we are told, had but little knowledge of the human form; their figures were but superficial transcripts of individual Nature. And while we thus learn their inferiority in Art, we are at the same time made aware that they dared not touch a dead body for the purpose of dissection, and even the embalmers risked their lives from the hatred of the populace.

In Greece it was that Art first approached perfection. And there its golden age extended from the time of Pericles to that of Alexander the Great. We find that, during the same period, Anatomy had begun to be cultivated, both by the physician, and as a branch of general science. The anatomical observations of Thales, Pythagoras, and Alcmeon, prepared the way for the more connected inquiries of Hippocrates, who gave oral instructions in Anatomy, as well as the art of healing—and thus disclosed its mysteries to the world. And Diocles Carystus, the most distinguished of his successors, was as celebrated for proficiency in Anatomy as for his skill in Surgery. Hippocrates was all but contemporary with Phidias—Diocles with Praxiteles and Lysippus. It was not Anatomy as it appeared under Vesalius in the sixteenth century. It was not sufficient for the purpose of either the physician or the surgeon; and consequently, we find the healing art then poor and impotent as compared with its present condition. It extended little farther than the knowledge of the skeleton, muscles, and larger internal organs; for all the minutiae of the science were as yet unexplored. But this was just what was most needful for Art, and it was this amount of anatomical knowledge that enabled the artist to form from his beautiful models those "marble miracles of grace," in regard to which it may be said, that

Vanquish'd Nature own'd herself outdone."

On the dismemberment of Macedonia, after the death of Alexander the Great, the arts and sciences took up their chief abode at Alexandria, under the protection of Ptolemy Soter. And here, for a short time, dissection of the human body was freely conducted under Herophilus and Erasistratus, the two great heads of the Egyptian Medical School. At this time, however, letters were cultivated in preference to art. Had other circumstances, besides anatomical knowledge, been favourable to the latter, it would, doubtless, still have retained all its highest splendour. But, as it was, one bright interval alone was granted previous to decay—"the struggling gleam of the expiring taper—the farewell ray of a sun, about to set as if for ever."

"Then did each Muse behold her triumphs fade—
Then pensive Painting droop'd the languish'd head
And sorrowing Sculpture, while the ruthless flame
Involved each trophy of her sister's fame,
Fled to sepulchral cells her own to save,
And lurk'd a patient inmate of the grave."

Art did not revive till after the dark ages. Neither did the progress of Anatomy. Even Galen had no knowledge of this science, except as derived from the older authors, and from his dissection of apes. Once he had an opportunity of examining two human skeletons preserved in Alexandria. And the Arabian Surgeons had to rest contented with the writing of the Greeks on the subject of Anatomy, its study being strictly forbidden by the Mahomedan religion. Art then lay dormant.

In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, a revival commenced, chiefly, if not entirely, by imitation of the antique, many specimens of which had been brought directly from the East to Pisa. But Art was still feeble.

Towards the beginning of the sixteenth century, however, arose an era, bearing a striking resemblance in its leading features to that of Pericles, and adorned with the mighty names of Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, and Raphael. Da Vinci, (a pupil of the celebrated anatomist, Marc Antonio della Torre,) with talent for every pursuit, had yet no steadiness for any one. But Buonarroti to the highest gifts added indomitable perseverance, and became profoundly acquainted with Anatomy. Is it unreasonable to infer, that without this he never

could have reached in safety that unknown world of ideal art into which his ardent genius forced his daring hand? Da Vinci, however, first united the science of Anatomy with that of Painting, and both with Nature; and thus may truly be said to have prepared art for the coming greatness,—a greatness which was carried to a giddy height by his brethren in the triumvirate. At the same time, exactly, the labours of Vesalius, Eustachius, and Fallopius, at Padua, Pisa, and Rome, raised Anatomy on a new foundation, and thereby began an era almost as bright for medical science as for Art. Surely this was not a mere coincidence.

Since that time there has been little obstruction to the study of Anatomy, and for that very reason, probably, it may not have been cultivated as it ought, unless by those whose peculiar calling rendered such study absolutely imperative. May not neglect of Anatomy by the artist, then, be connected with decline of art in its higher departments? We will not stop to inquire, but rather hasten to a more pleasing consideration, that now, within these few years—thanks to an enlightened legislature—all obstacles to this study have been removed—much that was disgusting both to the moral and physical sense has been taken away—its interesting paths are widely open to all who will enter them,—and, other circumstances being favourable, may we not now hope to see an epoch in the history of art in this country, as great, perhaps greater, than any that has gone before in Italy or in Greece.

Having thus, I trust, shewn, both from reason and experience, that a certain amount of anatomical knowledge is most important, nay, essential, to art, let me free myself from any suspicion of an attempt to arrogate for it a higher place than it merits; I am fully aware that it is but one in a long series of qualifications.

It has been said by Sir Joshua Reynolds, that an "artist ought to know something concerning the mind, as well as the body of man." Surely he ought to be intimate with both. In the words of Mr. Haziitt, "something more is wanted than the clay figure, the anatomical mechanism, the regular proportions measured by a two-foot rule, large canvases covered with stiff figures, arranged in deliberate order, with the characters and story correctly expressed by uplifted eyes or hands according to old receipt books for the passions, and with all the hardness and inflexibility of figures carved in wood, and painted over in good strong body colours, that look as if 'some of Nature's journeymen had made them, and not made them well.' We still want a Prometheus to give life to the cumbrous mass—to throw an intellectual light over the opaque image—to embody the inmost refinements of thought to the outward eye—to lay bare the very soul of passion."

But while I thus readily admit that Anatomy is but a component part of this great work, I as resolutely maintain that it is indispensable to its completion. It is a stone that must be in the fabric and placed near the foundation. And if I can only succeed in effectually convincing but a few pupils of the Academy of this one truth, and so force them to acquire this qualification, while they are yet in the most favourable state for its attainment, I shall consider that good service has thereby been done to Art, and shall value that result, far beyond all toil and all anxiety.

DAQUERRETYPE LIKENESSES.—The process of taking likenesses in daguerreotype is considered to be an easy one, and on principle it must be a correct one; but there are many things to be taken into account before one shall be produced of a really approved nature. When the state of the atmosphere and of the light are continually varying, as in cloudy weather, the sitting may be much too short or too long to effect a due proportion of light and shade; again, much depends upon the position of the head, the attitude of the person, the colours of the drapery, and the steady stillness of the sitter with respect to all the details, but more especially of the eyelids and of the facial muscles, which are the most difficult to be kept in restraint. During the last week we have had occasion to be present during the operations in the establishment of Mr. M. B. Brady in these respects, and have been greatly pleased with his judgment and care on all the points we have mentioned, as well as others. At this place the likenesses are taken again and again, readily and patiently, until an effect is produced satisfactory to both the sitter and the operator; we can therefore most confidently recommend him to the patronage of the public. The establishment is at the corner of Broadway and Fulton Street, (West side,) and the light being a northern one it is exempt from too strong a glare.

We have also to notice the operations of a similar kind performed by Mr. Plombe, which, in candour, we must say are not a whit less meritorious than those in Mr. Brady's establishment. We have just seen a group of a gentleman, his lady, and three children, put together with most artistical taste, and produced on the metal in a style which would do honour to the most elegant designer. These things must form delightful and grateful reminiscences among friends at a distance.

OFFICE OF ORDNANCE. April 16.—Ryl Regt of Artillery.—Capt and Brevet-Mjr Joseph Hanwell, to be Lt-Col v Walcott, ret on full pay; Sec Capt T A Shone to be Capt v Hanwell; First Lt W Henderson to be Sec Capt v Shone; Sec Lt P W Phillips to be First Lt v Henderson; Sec Capt J Turner to be Capt v Stokes, ret on full pay; First Lt C J Torrens to be Sec Capt v Turner; Sec Lt E Moubay to be First Lt v Torrens. May 5.—Erratum in the Gazette of April 29.—Ryl Regt of Artillery.—For Capt Trevor, ret on full pay, read Capt Trevor, ret on half pay.

WAR-OFFICE. May 7.—Her Majesty has been pleased to promote his Royal Highness Prince George of Cambridge, K.G., Col of the 17th Regt of Light Drags to be Mjr-Gen in the Army.

WAR-OFFICE. May 9.—4th Drag Gds.—Ens and Adj. W G Sutton, from the 69th Ft, to be Cornet without par. 7th Light Drags.—Cornet G F W Miles to be Lt by pur, v Saville, who rets; W Viscount St Lawrence to be Cornet, by pur, v Miles. 3rd Foot.—Ens R Portal, from 83d Ft, to be Lt by pur, v Cameron, who ret. 16th Ft.—Ens E N Dickenson to be Lt by pur, v Wall, who ret; C C Grant, Gent, to be Ens, by pur, v Dickenson. 18th Ft.—Capt W Evans, from 44th Ft, to be Capt v Staveley, who exchs. 24th Foot.—H F Barclay, Gent, to be Ens, by pur. 31st Foot.—Lt J B Travers, from the 25th Ft, to be Paym, v Matthews, app Paym of a Recruiting District.—32d Ft.—Assist-Surg C. Scott, M D from 36th Regt of Foot, to be Surg v Bampfield, dec.—36th Ft.—W M Dowding, Gent to be assist-Surg v Scott, prom in the 82d Ft.—37th Ft.—Lieut-Col Hon G A Spencer, from the 60th Ft, to be Lieut-Col v Bradshaw, who exchs. 41st Ft.—Lieut R Portal, from 3d Ft, to be Lieut v C A Morshead, who rets on half-pay of 3d Ft.—43d Ft.—Lieut

Hon C H Lindsay to be Capt without par, v Wright, who rets upon full-pay; Ens J S Kennedy, from 45th Ft, to be Ens, without par.—44th Ft.—Capt C W D Stavelly, from 18th Ft, to be Capt v Evans, who exchs. 45th Ft.—T J Grant, Gent to be Ens, without par, v Kennedy, app to 43d Ft.—Lieut-Col J Bradshaw, from 37th Ft, to be Lieut Col v Spencer, who exchs. 86th Ft.—G S Nunn, Gent to be Ens, without par, v Macneill, whose app has been cancelled. 90th Ft.—H M Eagar, Gent to be Ens, by pur, v Thrusun, who rets.—2d West India Regt.—J T Shower, Gent to be Ens, without par, v Robertson, whose app has been cancelled. 3d West India Regt.—Ens F J Hills, from the 1st West India Regt to be Lieut by pur, v Smith, whose promotion, by pur, has been cancelled.—Ceylon Rifle Regt.—Lieut J M Macdonald to be Capt by pur, v B E Layard, who rets; Sec Lieut P O Gorman to be First Lieut by pur, v Macdonald; D D Greentree, Gent to be Sec Lieut by pur, v O Gorman; J Meade, Gent to be Sec Lieut without par, v Muller, dec.—Brevet—Capt G E Turner, of the Royal Artillery, to be Major in the Army.—Unatt.—Brevet Major J Algeo, from the 77th Ft, to be Major, without par; Lieut J Hay, from the 15th Ft, to be Capt without par.

OFFICE OF ORDNANCE. May 8.—Royal Regt. of Artil: First Lieut. W. J. Smythe to be Sec. Capt. v. W. Smith, res; Sec. Lieut. R. H. Carlyon to be First Lieut. v. W. J. Smythe.—Ordnance Medical Department: Temporary Assist. Surg. E. Gilborne to be Assist. Surg.

WAR-OFFICE. May 17.—1st Drag Gds: Capt J Crofts, from the 7th Drag Gds to be Capt v Jackson, who exchs.—7th Drag Gds: Capt G W C Jackson, from the 1st Drag Gds, to be Capt v Crofts, who exchs.—2d Drags: Cor H. S. Scobell to be Lt by pur v Barnett, who rets; D C R C Buchanan, Gent to be Cor v Scobell.—3d Light Drags: Maj R B Edwards, from h-p Unatt to be Maj v Brvt-Lt-Col G A Malcolm, who exchs; Capt C W M Balders to be Maj by pur v Edwards, who rets; Lt W E F Barnes to be Capt by pur v Balders; Cor J G A Burton to be Lt by pur v Barnes; C R Colt, to be Cor by pur v Burton.—7th Light Drags: Lt C H Wyndham to be Capt by pur v Lord Alfred Paget, prom; Cor J M Hagart to be Lt by pur v Wyndham; E H Cooper, Gent to be Cor by pur v Hagart.—14th Light Drags: Brvt Lt-Col E Harvey to be Lt-Col without par v Townsend, dec; Brvt Lt-Col F Jones, from h-p of 21st Light Drags to be Maj v Harvey; Capt W H Archer to be Maj by pur v Jones, who rets; Lt J H Goddard to be Capt by pur v Archer; Cor R J Brown to be Lt by pur v Goddard; W English, Gent to be Cor by pur v Brown.—1st Ft Gds: Lt and J H Hudson to be Capt and Lt Col by pur v the Hon C J F Stanley, who ret; Ens and Lieut the Hon M West to be Lieut and Capt by pur, vice Hudson; A H L Fox, Gent to be Ens and Lieut by pur, vice West. 12th Foot.—Ens F Brydon, from the 2d West India Regt to be Ens, v Maitland, who rets. 15th Ft.—Lieut A R Sewell to be Adj. v Hay, prom. 46th Ft.—Brevet Col F Le Blanc, from h-p Unatt, to be Lieut-Col v A Clarke, who exchs; Brevet Lieut-Col R Garrett to be Lieut-Col by pur, v Le Blanc, who rets; Capt R Campbell to be Maj by pur, v Garrett; Lieut D Fife to be Capt by pur, v Campbell; Ens B Menzies to be Lieut by pur, v Fife; F F Dallas, Gent to be Ens by pur, v Menzies. 49th Ft.—W W Maitland to be Ens by pur, v M'Dermott, who ret. 67th Ft.—Ens F R Taylor to be Lieut without par, v Jones, who ret; F W Breddon, Gent to be Ens by pur, v Taylor. 77th Ft.—Lieut B W A Sleigh, from the 2d West India Regt. to be Lieut v Dumaresq, who exchs. 1st West India Regt.—F Miller, Gent to be Ens without par v Hills, prom in the 3d West India Regt. 2d West India Regt.—Lieut C T Dumaresq, from the 77th Ft, to be Lieut, v Sleigh, who exchs. 3d West India Regt.—C F Amil, Gent, to be Ens by pur v Brydon, app to the 12th Ft. Unatt.—Capt Lord A Paget, from the 7th Lt Dragoons, to be Maj by pur.

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The house has been thoroughly repaired and newly furnished in every department, and the very best of every description of Liquors, Wines, Cigars, Domestic and Imported Ales and Ports, will be provided.

An ordinary will be served up every day from 1 to 3 o'clock P.M.; and refreshments will be furnished at any hour during the day and evening. Mr.29-tf.

JOHN HERDMAN'S OLD ESTABLISHED EMIGRANT PASSAGE OFFICE, 61 South Street, New York.—The Subscriber, in calling the attention of his friends and the public to his unequalled arrangements for bringing out persons from Great Britain and Ireland, who may be sent for by their friends, begs to state that, in consequence of a great increase in this branch of his business, and in order to preclude all unnecessary delay of the emigrant, has, at great expense, in addition to his regular agents at Liverpool, appointed Mr. Thomas H. Dicky, who has been a faithful clerk in the establishment for the last 8 years, to proceed to Liverpool and remain there during the emigration season, to superintend the embarkation of passengers engaged here. The ships employed in this line are well known to be only of the first class and very fast-sailing, manned by kind and experienced men, and as they sail from Liverpool every five days, reliance may be placed that passengers will receive every attention and be promptly despatched. With such superior arrangements, the Subscriber looks forward for a continuation of that patronage which has been so liberally extended to him for so many years past, and should any of those sent for decline coming, the passage money will as usual be refunded, and passages from the different ports of Ireland and Scotland can also be secured if desired. For further particulars, apply to

HERDMAN, 61 South-st., near Wall-st., N.Y.

Agency in Liverpool:—

Messrs. J. & W. Robinson, No. 5 Baltic Buildings, and

Mr. Thomas H. Dicky, No. 1 Neptune-st., Waterloo Dock.

* Drafts and Exchange from £1 upwards, can be furnished, payable without charge, at all the principal Banking Institutions throughout Great Britain and Ireland, a list of which can be seen at the office. My24-tf.

ALBION LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

LONDON AND NEW YORK.

CAPITAL ONE MILLION STERLING, or \$5,000,000.

General Agents for the United States of America,

JOSEPH FOWLER and R. S. BUCHANAN,

No. 37 Wall Street, New York.

PHYSICIAN,

John W. Francis, Esq., M.D., No. 1 Bond Street.

SURGEON,

J. C. Beales, Esq., M.D., 543 Broadway.

BANKERS,

The Bank of Commerce.

SOLICITOR,

Charles Edwards, Esq., 51 Wall Street.

The undersigned are now authorized to receive proposals for insurances on single and joint lives, for survivorship annuities, &c. &c., at the same rates they are taken in London—which they are ready to effect at once, without primary reference to the Court of Directors.

The superior advantages offered by this Company consist in Perfect security, arising from a large paid up Capital, totally independent of the premium fund,—in the Triennial distribution of eighty per cent., or four-fifths of the Profits, returned to the Policy holders,—which, at their option, will be paid

In Cash, or applied in augmentation of the sum insured, or in reduction of the annual premium.

Example of Rates for the Insurance of \$100 on a Single Life.

Age next birth day.	For ONE Year.	For SEVEN Years.	For whole Life without profits.	For whole Life with profits.
20	92	96	1 70	1 92
25	93	1 03	1 92	2 17
30	1 06	1 13	2 19	2 48
35	1 18	1 25	2 55	2 88
40	1 31	1 44	3 60	3 39
45	1 55	1 80	4 61	4 68
50	2 01	2 41	4 41	4 99

The Albion Life Insurance Company was established in the year 1805, and it consists of a highly respectable body of Proprietors, who, independently of the large paid-up Capital and accumulated profits of the Company, are individually liable, to the extent of their respective shares, for all the Company's engagements. The period of its existence, FORTY YEARS, the responsibility of its proprietors, and the amount of its capital, constitute an unexceptionable security that the engagements of the Company will be strictly fulfilled; and when it is considered that the fulfilment of the engagements of a Life Office is seldom called for until twenty, thirty or forty years after those engagements have been contracted, it will be felt that not only the present but the future stability of the Company is of paramount importance to the policy holder.

American Policy holders are entitled to participate in the English Profits, and in every respect are put upon the same footing as the oldest Policy holder, participating in the 1st division of profits.

The requisite forms for effecting insurances, and all information relative thereto, may be obtained of the Company's fully-empowered Agents.

JOSEPH FOWLER, Agents, 27 Wall-street.
R. S. BUCHANAN, Agents, 27 Wall-street.

NATIONAL LOAN FUND LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

OF LONDON.

Empowered by Act of Parliament.

CAPITAL £500,000 STERLING, OR \$2,500,000.

ADVANTAGES ARE HELD OUT BY THIS INSTITUTION WHICH CAN BE OFFERED BY NO OTHER LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, HAVING AN AGENCY IN THE UNITED STATES.

General Agent for the United States, and British North American Colonies.

J. LEANDER STARR, No. 74 Wall Street, New York.

Physicians to the Society, (Medical Examiners)

J. KEARNEY RODGERS, M.D., 110 Bleeker Street.

ALEXANDER E. HOSACK, M.D., 101 Franklin Street.

BANKERS,

The MERCHANTS' BANK OF NEW YORK.

SOLICITOR,

WILLIAM VAN HOOK, Esq., 39 Wall-street.

AGENCIES established in Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Alexandria, Richmond, and in several of the Principal Towns in New-England, New-York State, Pennsylvania and Virginia.

The rates of this Society are as low as those of the American Companies, and LOWER THAN THE SCALE ADOPTED BY MANY LONDON OFFICES. Loans granted to the extent of two-thirds the amount of premium paid—after the lapse of a year.

The admirable system of Life insurance which this Institution has organized, and which has secured for it such marked distinction in Europe, has obtained for it the highest favor in America. During the short period of its establishment in the United States, its principles have now the unqualified approval of many eminent men; and the patronage it has received fully tests the public confidence in its favor. A pamphlet has been published by the General Agent, and can be obtained at his office, explanatory of Life Insurance in general, and of the N. L. F. Society's system in particular.

Persons insured in the United States on the scale of "participation," enjoy the important advantage of sharing in the whole business of the Society, which in Great Britain is very extensive.

The public are respectfully requested to examine the distinguishing principles of this institution—their tables of rates—their distribution of profits—and the facilities afforded by their Loan department—before deciding to insure elsewhere.

The General Agent is authorized to accept risks in sums of exceeding \$15,000 each on a single life, and to bind the Society from the date on which the premiums are actually paid to him. This authority is deposited for security with J. J. Palmer, Esq., the President of the Merchants' Bank in New York.

Pamphlets containing the last Annual Report, and much general information, together with the Society's rates—also, blank forms; and the fullest information may be obtained upon application to any Agent or Sub Agent.

A Medical Examiner in attendance at the office daily, at 3 o'clock, P.M. Fee paid by the Society. The expense of stamp duty need not be incurred.

Example of Rates—for the Assurance of \$100 on a Single Life.

Age next Birth Day.	For one year only.	For Five Years.	PREMIUMS PAYABLE ANNUALLY.	
			Without profits.	With profits.
15	\$0 77	\$0 81	\$1 47	\$1 64
20	0 86	0 90	1 68	1 87
25	0 98	1 05	1 93	2 14
30	1 21	1 30	2 22	2 46
35	1 46	1 54	2 54	2 88
40	1 61	1 64	2 93	3 26
45	1 72	1 78	3 47	3 85
50	1 94	2 06	4 21	4 68
55	2 54	2 96	5 28	5 86
60	3 43	4 25	6 68	7 42

PROFITS.—The following examples are given of the Profits distributed at the last Annual Meeting of the Society, which was held in London in May, 1844.

Age.	Sum Assured.	Annual Premium.	Policy taken out in	Bonus in addition to sum assured.	Bonus in cash.	Permanent reduction in annual premium.
60	\$5000	\$370 85	1837 1838 1839	\$852 32 730 32 584 00	\$386 26 421 38 256 48	\$60 93 49 08 37 98

There are tables for single lives, joint lives, survivorships of two or three lives, endowments for children, &c. &c. Tables also for ANNUITIES, both immediate and deferred.—All these tables have been calculated from sterling into dollars and cents.

* References of the highest character in the United States given to applicants, if required, as to the standing, wealth, and security of the above Institution.

Travelling leave endorsed on the policy is extensive and liberal, and the extra premiums for sea risk and unfavorable climates as moderate as is consistent with prudence. My24-tf.

J. LEANDER STARR, General Agent, Resident in N. York.

Corner of Broadway and Fulton Street, New York.

STEAM BETWEEN NEW-YORK AND LIVERPOOL.

THE Great Western Steamship Co.'s steam ship GREAT WESTERN, Captain Matthews; and their new Iron Steamship GREAT BRITAIN, Capt. Hosken, are appointed to sail during the year 1845, as follows:—

FROM LIVERPOOL.			FROM NEW-YORK.		
Great Western	Saturday	17th May	Great Western	Thursday	12th June
Great Western	do	5th July	Great Western	do	31st July
Great Britain	do	2d Aug.	Great Britain	Saturday	30th Aug.
Great Western	do	23d Aug.	Great Western	Thursday	18th Sept.
Great Britain	do	27th Sep.	Great Britain	Saturday	25th Oct.
Great Western	do	11th Oct.	Great Western	Thursday	6th Nov.
Great Britain	do	23d Nov.	Great Britain	Saturday	20th Dec.

Passage money per Great Western, from New-York to Liverpool, \$100, and \$5 Steward's fee.

For freight or passage, apply to New-York, Jan. 27, 1845.

RICHARD IRVIN, 95 Front-street, My10-tf.

NEW LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

TO sail from NEW YORK on the 26th and from LIVERPOOL on the 11th of each month:—

FROM NEW YORK.			FROM LIVERPOOL.		
ROSCIOUS, Capt. Asa Eldridge,	26th March.		SIDDONS, Capt. E. B. Cobb,	11th Feb.	
SHERIDAN, Capt. F. A. Depeyster,	26 May		GARRICK, Capt. B. I. H. Trask,	11th April	
GARRICK, Capt. B. I. H. Trask,	26th June		ROSCIOUS, Capt. Asa Eldridge,	11th May	

These ships are all of the first class, upwards of 1100 tons, built in the city of New York, with such improvements as combine great speed with unusual comfort for passengers.

Every care has been taken in the arrangement of their accommodations. The price of passage hence is \$100, for which ample stores will be provided. These ships are commanded by experienced masters, who will make every exertion to give general satisfaction.

Neither the Captains or owners of the ships will be responsible for any letters, parcels or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to E. K. COLLINS & Co., 56 South-st., N.Y., or to BROWN, SHIPLEY & Co., Liverpool.

Letters by the Packets will be charged 12 cents per single sheet, 50 cents per ounce, and newspapers 1 cent each.

Messrs. E. K. Collins & Co. respectfully request the Publishers of Newspapers to discontinue all Advertisements not in their names of their Liverpool Packets, viz:—the Roscius, Siddons, Sheridan and Garrick. To prevent disappointments, notice is hereby given, that contracts for passengers can only be made with them. My24-tf.

NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

SAILING from NEW YORK on the 11th, and from LIVERPOOL on the 26th of every month:—

FROM NEW YORK.			FROM LIVERPOOL.		
STEPHEN WHITNEY, W. C. Thompson,	May 11		STEPHEN WHITNEY, 1000 tons,	Feb. 26.	
UNITED STATES, A. Britton,	June 11		UNITED STATES, 700 tons,	March 20.	
VIRGINIAN, Chas. Heirn,	July 11		VIRGINIAN, 700 tons,	April 20.	
WATERLOO, W. H. Allen,	Aug. 11		WATERLOO, 900 tons,	May 26.	

The qualities and accommodations of the above ships, and the reputation of their commanders, are well known. Every exertion will be made to promote the comfort of passengers and the interests of importers. The price of cabin passage to Liverpool is fixed at \$100. The owner will not be responsible for any letters, parcels, or packages, sent by the above ships, for which a bill of lading is not signed. For freight or passage, apply to ROBERT KERMIT, 74 South-street. My24-tf.

NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL LINE OF PACKETS.

SAILING from New York on the 6th, and from Liverpool on the 21st of each month, excepting that when the day of sailing falls on Sunday the ship will be dispatched on the succeeding day.

Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Liverpool.
Ashburton,	H. Huttleston,	Jan. 6, May 6, Sept. 6,	Feb. 21, June 21, Oct. 21.
Patrick Henry,	J. C. Delano,	Feb. 6, June 6, Oct. 6,	Mar. 21, July 21, Nov. 21.
Independence,	F. P. Allen,	Mar. 6, July 6, Nov. 6,	April 21, Aug. 21, Dec. 21.
Henry Clay,	Extra Nye,	April 6, Aug. 6, Dec. 6,	May 21, Sept. 21, Jan. 21.

These ships are of a very superior character; are not surpassed either in point of elegance and comfort of their Cabin accommodations, or for their fast sailing qualities, and offer great inducements to shippers, to whom every facility will be granted.

They are commanded by experienced and able men, whose exertions will always be devoted to the promotion of the convenience and comfort of passengers.

The price of passage outward is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, save Wines and Liquors, which can at all times be obtained upon application to the Stewards.

Neither the Captains or Owners of the Ships will be responsible for any Letters, Parcels, or Packages sent by them, unless regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to GRINNELL, MINTURN & Co., 73 South-st., N.Y., or to CHAPMAN, BOWMAN & Co., Liverpool. My31-tf.

LONDON LINE PACKETS.

TO SAIL ON THE 1ST, 10TH AND 20TH OF EVERY MONTH.

THIS LINE OF PACKETS will hereafter be composed of the following ships, which will succeed each other, in the order in which they are named, sailing punctually from New York and Portsmouth on the 1st, 10th and 20th, and from London on the 7th, 17th and 27th of every month throughout the year, viz:—

Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Portsmouth.
St. James	F. R. Meyers	Jan. 1, May 1, Sept. 1	Feb. 20, June 20, Oct. 20
Northumberland	R. H. Griswold	10, 10, 10	March 1, July 1, Nov. 1
Gladiator	R. L. Bunting	20, 20, 20	10, 10, 10
Mediator	J. M. Chadwick	Feb. 1, June 1, Oct. 1	20, 20, 20
Switzerland	E. Knight	10, 10, 10	April 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1
Quebec	F. B. Hebard	20, 20, 20	10, 10, 10
Victoria	E. E. Morgan	March 1, July 1, Nov. 1	20, 20, 20
Wellington	D. Chadwick	10, 10, 10	May 1, Sept. 1, Jan. 1
Hendrick Hudson	G. Moore	20, 20, 20	10, 10, 10
Prince Albert	W. S. Sebor	April 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1	20, 20, 20
Toronto	E. G. Tinker	10, 10, 10	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1
Westminster	Hovey	20, 20, 20	10, 10, 10

These ships are all of the first class, and are commanded by able and experienced navigators. Great care will be taken that the beds, wines, stores, &c., are of the best description.

The price of cabin passage is now fixed at \$100 outward for each adult, without wines and liquors. Neither the captains nor the owners of these packets will be responsible for any letters, parcels or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor. Apply to GRINNELL, MINTURN & Co., 73 South-st., or to JOHN GRISWOLD, 70 South-st. My24-tf.

OLD LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

THE Old Line of Packets for Liverpool will hereafter be dispatched in the following order, excepting that when the sailing day falls on Sunday, the ship will sail on the succeeding day, viz:—

Ships.	Masters.	Days of Sailing from New York.	Days of Sailing from Liverpool.
Cambridge,	W. C. Barstow,	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1	July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16
England,	S. Bartlett,	June 16, Oct. 16, Feb. 16	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1
Oxford,	J. Rathbone,	July 1, Nov. 1, Mar. 1	Aug. 16, Dec. 16, April 16
Montezuma, (new)	A. W. Lower,	July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1
Europe,	G. Furber,	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1	Sept. 16, Jan. 16, May 16
New York,	Thos. B. Cropper,	Aug. 16, Dec. 16, April 16	Oct. 1, Feb. 1, June 1
Columbus,	G. A. Cole,	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1	Oct. 16, Feb. 16, June 16
Yorkshire, (new)	D. G. Bailey,	Sept. 16, Jan. 16, May 16	Nov. 1, Mar. 1, July 1

Those ships are not surpassed in point of elegance or comfort in their cabin accommodations, or in their fast sailing qualities, by any vessels in the trade.

The commanders are well known as men of character and experience; and the strictest attention will always be paid to promote the comfort and convenience of passengers. Punctuality as regards the days of sailing, will be observed as heretofore.

The price of passage outward is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, with the exception of wines and liquors, which will be furnished by the stewards if required.

Neither the captains or the owners of these ships will be responsible for any letters parcels or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to GOODHUE & Co., 64 South-street, or C. H. MARSHALL, 33 Burling-slip, N. Y.

WILLIAM LAIRD, Florist, 17th Street, 4th Avenue, (Union Square), N.Y., has all ways on hand, and for sale at moderate prices, Greenhouse plants of all the most esteemed species and varieties; also, hardy Herbaceous Plants, Shrubs, Grape vines, &c. Orders for Fruit and Ornamental Trees, supplied at the lowest rates. Bouquets of choice flowers tastefully put up at all seasons.

N.B.—Experienced Gardeners to lay out and keep in order gardens, prune Grape, &c. Gentlemen supplied with experienced Gardeners, and Gardeners of character with places. Ap. 20-tf.

TAPSCOTT'S GENERAL EMIGRATION OFFICE,

SOUTH STREET, CORNER MAIDEN LANE.

ARRANGEMENTS FOR 1845.

PERSONS about sending for their friends in any part of the Old Country are respectfully informed by the Subscribers, that the same system that characterized their house, and gave such unbounded satisfaction the past year, will be continued through the season of 1845.

The great increase in this branch of their business, and to give satisfaction to all parties, necessitates one of the firm to remain in Liverpool to give his personal attention to the same, therefore the departure of every passenger from that place will be superintended by Mr. WM. TAPSCOTT, and the utmost confidence may be felt that those sent for will have quick despatch and proper care taken by him to see them placed on board ship in as comfortable a manner as possible. Better proof that such will be the case cannot be adduced than the punctual and satisfactory manner in which the business was transacted through the past emigrating season. The ships for which the Subscribers are Agents comprise the

NEW LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

THE ST. GEORGE'S LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS AND THE UNITED LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

Making a ship from Liverpool every five days—the possibility of delay is therefore precluded. The well established character of these Lines renders further comment unnecessary; suffice it therefore to say, that the Subscribers guarantee to give satisfaction to all parties who may send for their friends through them. In all cases where those sent for decline coming out, the full amount of money paid for their passage will be refunded. A free passage to Liverpool from any port in Ireland or Scotland can be secured. Apply or address (post paid), W & J. T. TAPSCOTT, South Street cor. Maiden Lane.

Agency in Liverpool—My10-tf. WM. TAPSCOTT, or GEO. RIPPARD & SON, 95 Waterloo Road.

SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA,

FOR THE REMOVAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF ALL DISEASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD, OR HABIT OF THE SYSTEM, NAMELY:

Scrofula, or King's Evil, Rheumatism, Obstinate Cutaneous Eruptions, Pimples, or Puslules on the Face, Blotches, Biles, Chronic Sore Eyes, Ring Worm or Tetter, Scald Head, Enlargement and Pain of the Bones and Joints, Stubborn Ulcers, Syphilitic Symptoms, Sciatica, or Lumbago, and Diseases arising from an Injudicious Use of Mercury, Ascites, or Dropsy Also, Chronic Constitutional Disorders will be Removed by this Preparation.

If there be a pleasure on earth which superior beings cannot enjoy, and one which they might almost envy men the possession of it is the power of relieving pain. How consoling, then, is the consciousness of having been the instrument of rescuing thousands from misery to those who possess it. What an amount of suffering has been relieved and what a still greater amount of suffering can be prevented by the use of Sands's Sarsaparilla! The unfortunate victim of hereditary disease, with swollen glands, contracted sinews, and bones half carious, has been restored to health and vigor. The scrofulous patient, covered with ulcers and loathsome to himself and to his attendants, has been made whole. Hundreds of persons, who had groaned hopelessly for years under cutaneous and glandular disorders, chronic rheumatism, and many other complaints springing from a derangement of the secretory organs and the circulation, have been raised as it were from the tank of disease, and now with regenerated constitution, gladly testify to the efficacy of this inestimable preparation.

The following certificate recently received will be read with interest, and for further proof the reader is referred to a pamphlet which is furnished without charge by all the Agents:—

NEW YORK, Dec. 1, 1843.

Messrs. Sands—Gentlemen—Parental feelings induce us to make the following statement of facts in relation to the important cure of our little daughter, wholly effected by the use of SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA. For nearly three years she was afflicted with a most inveterate eruption on the body, which at times was so bad, connected with internal disease, that we despaired of her life. The complaint commenced in the roots of the hair, and gradually spread until the whole head was enveloped, and then it attacked the ears, and ran down the neck, and continuing to increase until it covered the most of the body. It commenced with a small pimple or pustule, from which water at first discharged; this produced great itching and burning; then matter or pus formed, the skin cracked and bled, and the pus discharged freely. The sufferings of the child were so great as almost wholly to prevent natural rest, and the odor from the discharge so offensive as to make it difficult to pay that particular attention to the nature of the case required. The disease was called Scald Head and general Salt Rheum. We tried various remedies, with little benefit, and considered her case almost beyond the reach of medicine; but from the known virtue of your Sarsaparilla, we were induced to give it a trial.

Before the first bottle was all used, we perceived an improvement in the appearance of the eruption; but the change was so rapid for the better, that we could scarcely give credence to the evidence of our own eyes. We continued its use for a few weeks, and he result is a perfect cure. To all Parents we would say:—If you have children suffering with any disease of the skin, use Sands Sarsaparilla. With feelings of gratitude and respect, we are yours, &c. ELIJAH & SARAH SOUTHWAY, No. 95 Madison-st.

The following interesting case is presented, and the reader invited to its careful perusal. Comment on such evidence is unnecessary.

NANTUCKET, Mass., 8th mo. 21, 1844.

A. B. & D. Sands—Esteemed Friends:—Although an entire stranger to you, I do not feel at liberty any longer to defer the acknowledgment of a great devotedness to you for your invaluable Sarsaparilla, which has been the means, under a kind Providence, of my inexpressible relief. I am also urged to this acknowledgment by reflecting, that by my humble testimony hundreds of sufferers, miserable as I have been, may be induced to try this remedy, and experience a cure as speedy and happy as mine. For ten years I have been suffering under a Scrofulous affection of the Bones in my head, and during a great part of this time, my pain and sufferings were so severe, that but for a reliance on the Great Disposer of events, I should have desired, and much preferred death itself. At different periods during my sickness, twenty pieces of bone have been taken from my head in various ways, besides all my upper teeth, and the entire upper jaw, rendering the mastication of food quite impossible. After expending about six hundred dollars for medical aid, I had recourse to your justly celebrated Sarsaparilla, and within the last three months the use of twelve bottles has, with the most beneficial operation, completely arrested the disease; the healing process is going forward, and I am rapidly approaching to a perfect cure. Being extremely anxious that others laboring under similar complaints, may have the advantage of my experience, I shall be most happy at any time to communicate to them or to you, such further and more minute particulars as may be desired. Please accept assurances of my great obligation and regard.

BENJAMIN M. HUSSEY, NANTUCKET, 8th mo. 3d, 1844.

A. B. & D. Sands—Respected Friends:—Benj. M. Hussey is a person of perfect respectability; his statement in relation to the wonderful effects of your Sarsaparilla upon him, may be implicitly relied upon. His case here is considered a very extraordinary one, and the cure altogether is such as to entitle the Sarsaparilla to be ranked as a great blessing to the human family, and we consider it as such.—Yours with true regard, WM. MITCHELL, Cashier of the Pacific Bank, Nantucket.

For further particulars and conclusive evidence of its superior value and efficacy, see pamphlets, which may be obtained gratis.

Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggist, 79 Fulton-st., 273 Broadway, 77 East Broadway, N.Y. Sold also by Druggists generally throughout the United States and Canada. Price \$1 per bottle, six bottles for \$5.

The public are respectfully requested to remember that it is Sand's Sarsaparilla that has and is constantly achieving such remarkable cures of the most difficult class of diseases to which the human frame is subject, and ask for Sand's Sarsaparilla, and take no other. A12-tf.